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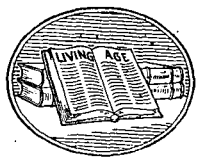

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Eighth Series

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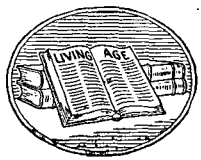

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RUSSIA'S STRUGGLING FORCES

BY K. J. LEDOC

I

THE newspapers of nearly the whole world are zealously describing the horrors and terrors of Bolshevism, so that one gets the impression that Bolshevism is Russia's only curse. The result is to awaken the belief that if some miracle, or some outside intervention, were to wipe out Bolshevism, Russia would immediately become the old Russia, or, better still, that she would be resurrected, free from social ills and oppression, as a rejuvenated country, affording the world an example of a free, industrious, and happy nation.

It is not my intention to criticize the labors of any man, whosoever he may be, who attacks Bolshevism. Quite the contrary. I welcome such services. I join my colleagues, representing other newspapers, in denouncing Bolshevism and condemning its working as demoralizing and inhumane. As a Socialist, I say that Bolshevism is not socialism, and does not lead toward socialism. Bolshevism is only an aberrant form of despotism, which, unhappily, has chosen the red flag as its banner. It leads the proletariat to eternal damnation, and destroys its fairest hopes for a better future. I consider Bolshevism a natural crisis of the frightful war — or, more properly, a continuation of its demoralizing influence. It is a sickness with which I fear the people of other countries have also got to reckon, quite independently of the influence of the Russian Bolsheviki.

Something over a year ago I came to Russia as the special correspondent of an ultra-conservative commercial paper, instructed to study and report commercial prospects in districts controlled by the Bolsheviki, and in those districts from which the Bolsheviki had been expelled. I came to Russia with little love for Bolshevism, and left the country with still less love for it. I visited almost every nook and corner of the Bolshevik territory. I have seen the work and the struggle of the Bolsheviki, their successes and their defeats, and I have witnessed with my own eyes more frightful scenes than I have ever seen described by other people.

I have been in every part of former Russia, among the Mensheviki and under the rule of the Cadets and the Constitutionalists.

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I visited territories controlled by Krasnoff, Skoropadsky, and Sulkevich. I witnessed the deeds of Grichin-Almasof, of Semenof, of Drozdof, of Petlura, of Machno, and of many other leaders and rulers of fragments of former Russia. In the order mentioned, I was able to study the records of the proceedings of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Union (*Protofi*), the Land-Owners' Union (*Chleboraby*) and the United Trades-Unions (*Zentroproff*), and also of the Bolshevik Council of National Economy (*Sovnachoz*). After studying them all, I find that the press has been unjust to these very important powers in Russia, and that their influence has been overshadowed by the all-absorbing Bolshevism. Yet we must learn to know these forces, for upon them we must build up something in place of Bolshevik rule. It is important to know who are to be our future neighbors, and what we are to expect from them in case the wheel of fortune turns again and puts one of these groups in control.

To-day we encounter everywhere sympathy for every element that is fighting Bolshevism in Russia. This sympathy is easily understood, for it is only human to sympathize with the oppressed, especially when the oppressor is a deadly enemy of civilization and is endeavoring to crush all opposition under his heel. But I would advise that we look carefully to the persons to whom we give our aid. Without knowing it, we may easily help those into control who will constitute a greater danger for the peace of the world than Bolshevism itself; for Bolshevism is by no means the only black sheep that is running free in Russia. There are others quite as black, and even blacker. An example is afforded us by Skoropadsky's seven months of domination in Ukraina. It wrought such chaos in the richest provinces in Russia as the Bolsheviki could not have accomplished. We have Skoropadsky's rule alone to thank for the fact that Ukraina is to-day the battleground of the worst civil war that has ever raged in Russia. Skoropadsky and his associates are not yet dead, and they are among the people now appealing for our assistance. Every hand stretched out to help them would be the hand of a traitor — of a traitor to the cause of democracy throughout the world.

In connection with Russia the friends of democracy must be very careful, in their own interest, as to whom they select as recipients of their aid. There are forces still less capable than the Bolsheviki of restoring order in Russia. Their rule would not last more than a brief time. It could be maintained only by force. It would inevitably collapse speedily, and precipitate Russia again into years of bloody strife. For such powers to conquer would be a defeat for the friends of democracy everywhere.

What are the forces that are fighting Bolshevism in Russia? They are all enemies of Bolshevism, but there are great differences among these enemies. The proletariat is the greatest enemy of Bolshevism, because its only hope, socialism, and its only weapon, the united front of the working class, have been pitilessly destroyed by Bolshevism. The Russian intellectuals oppose Bolshevism because it has ejected them from the semi-dominant position which they occupied, and has destroyed their dream of a liberated nation ruled by its most intelligent classes. The merchants are bitter enemies of Bolshevism because the latter has deprived them of their source of living, destroyed their institutions, ruined their future, robbed them of their worldly possessions, and, above all, of their money, which it has either

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taken from them or depreciated until it has no value. Industrial circles are hostile to Bolshevism, because it has destroyed all their hopes of ruling a great country with enormous labor resources and unmeasured supplies of materials to be manufactured, and because Bolshevism has deprived them of their homes. The landlords and the army officers and the workingmen of the earlier period and all the officials and lackeys of the Tsar's late government are fighting Bolshevism because it has robbed them of their ancient privileges, their salaries, their perquisites, their pensions, and all their legitimate and illegitimate sources of profit. They are all united in fighting Bolshevism, because it has devastated and ruined their country and all the wonderful possibilities which it offered each of these classes respectively.

Real patriotism is, in my view, the least among the factors in the fight that is now going on in Russia. Principally and mainly each one of these groups is fighting solely for its selfish purposes and interest, and it will continue to fight for them alone until it either wins or loses.

II

In fact there is a disintegrating principle at work in all the forces that are rallying in Russia against Bolshevism. There is no possible compromise among these forces. There is not a single group that places the general welfare above its own narrow welfare. Each group honestly believes that when it has attained its particular selfish purpose it will thus have united and blessed Russia. That is the reason that Bolshevism succeeded as soon as it ventured to make a serious effort. This fact likewise constitutes the danger for the rest of the world in deciding whom it shall support in the struggle against Bolshevism. The world must understand and understand clearly that not alone the Bolsheviki, but likewise a greater part of the other social forces in Russia, are incapable of ruling this mighty empire, and that there are very few who can assume the responsibility of governing the state and leading it back to order and prosperity.

From the moment that the Russian revolution was victorious the bourgeoisie, that is, the merchants and the manufacturers, believed that they were dealing merely with a bourgeois revolution, and that consequently their own class must control it. The first provisional government was composed almost exclusively of business men and landlords, while the Socialists had but a single seat in the ministry. A little later when governors were appointed for the different Russian departments, members of the bourgeoisie were named for these places. The same thing happened in the case of foreign representatives. Not a single member of the proletariat was appointed.

After thus having divided the spoils, the middle classes laid down their programme. It was to continue the war in accordance with the treaty made by the Tsar. The merchants and manufacturers of Russia attached great importance to acquiring Constantinople and free exit through the Black Sea. For this reason the proletariat must fight the war to victory, and for this reason the offensive of July 1, 1917, was ordered. This programme went directly against the wishes of the people at large, for they had long been weary of the war. They were exhausted and they felt that the little strength left them should be employed in reconstructing their devastated country, and assuring the fruits of the successful revolution. But the middle classes could n't see this. They would

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not admit that the revolution had brought to the front social as well as political problems. The revolution was their victory and they proposed to hold on to it. They utilized it in a characteristic manner. While millions of industrious Russian peasants and workingmen were standing out in the trenches and dying of disease and wounds, the well-to-do citizens tanked up with champagne in luxurious wine rooms and restaurants and hotels. They drank to the liberty which their blood had not paid for. At a time when a majority of the population of Petrograd and Moscow were undernourished these prosperous gentlemen held sumptuous banquets, ate to satiety, danced to madness. Their commodious reception rooms were opened to guests of their own rank, while droshkies and automobiles filled the streets, carrying back and forth the joyous, overfed, and self-indulgent gentlemen of wealth.

The Russian middle classes have never shown any capacity for settling social problems. They cannot see that if you take vodka away from the workingman you cannot leave champagne for the wealthy man, and that when bullets are flying at the front it is no time to be dancing back at home.

In July, 1917, occurred the first Bolshevik uprising. Then the middle classes woke up and began to do things. But they acted as all cowards do. They stood at a safe distance behind the political machinery and put a Socialist ministry in the exposed position — a ministry instructed to stop reforming but to go on with the fighting. But while pretending to support this new government the middle classes really paralyzed it by assisting the counter-revolutionists with the result that Korniloff and Kaledin started their revolt. Here again the middle classes followed, because they were temperamentally as incompetent to make a counter-revolution as to make a revolution. The reason is that such things require blood — and their own blood. These commercial and industrial classes were accustomed to get things by spending money instead of blood. Korniloff fell, and the citizens beat a speedy retreat. One after another they closed their factories or stores and sold out their goods in order to save their capital. Thereupon began a huge exportation of money to foreign countries. The banks of Stockholm and Copenhagen and Tokio and Shanghai were filled with Russian currency, and the hotels and boarding houses of the same cities were crowded with wealthy Russians. Those who were unable to flee concealed their money and securities, and thus brought about a business crisis.

During this time the wheel of fortune was still revolving in Russia. Three million deserters, intensely hostile to a continuation of the war, took the course that they thought would assure them peace, bread, and immunity from punishment. The hosts of unemployed thrown out of work by the withdrawal of capital from commerce and manufacturing joined the former, and together they brought about the November revolution. Bolshevism won. The bourgeoisie could no longer maintain itself. Its rule was played out.

However, the progress of Bolshevism was no triumphal progress. The country was, as a whole, not Bolshevik. It had to be conquered city by city and village by village. In doing this the Bolsheviki met at many points organized opponents who fought obstinately. This converted the whole country into a battlefield. But although the bourgeoisie had everything at stake in the result, it remained throughout this period merely a spec-

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tator. In none of the great battles against the Bolsheviki last spring did the middle classes figure as leaders or participants. These were battles between the Bolsheviki on one side and democratic idealists and secessionists upon the other. The outcome was that the Ukraine secessionist democracy, with the aid of the Germans forced the Bolsheviki to recognize their independence. Following the fearful massacre of February, 1918, the Bolsheviki lost all their supporters in Crimea and were driven out by a Socialist coalition. The Don district, part of the Caucasus, and Siberia, which had been attacked by the Bolsheviki, resisted successfully with local forces. The result was that the great Russian Empire was broken into fragments, and among the ruins left after the passage of the Bolshevik storms, little oases of democracy appeared. The Ukraine, Crimea, and the Don district were such oases. New hope sprung up in the hearts of the Russian people, and particularly of the proletariat, which — now when the frightful nightmare of Bolshevism was shaken off — was richer by a tragic experience, and desired to rally all its strength to reconstruct the country. The convention of the united trades-unions of Ukraina in April, 1918, rejected the idea of a Soviet government, introduced courts of arbitration, and appealed to the middle classes to coöperate in the labor of reconstruction. But the middle classes replied to this appeal for peace by supporting the conspiracies which resulted in putting into power Skoropadsky in Ukraina, Krasnoff in the Don district, and Sulkevich in Crimea.

III

During the first days of the Russian revolution you found all classes of Russian society among the persons celebrating liberty. The great landlord, Jutschkoff, and the reactionary, Pruiskevisch, compelled the Tsar to sign his abdication, and brought this document, with the zeal of real revolutionists, to the people. The great landlords, the military men, the whole civil service, were on hand during these first days. They all swore loyalty to the revolution, and proffered their services to the nation. Many dreamers thought that Russia would present an example of a new world order, that the aristocratic bourgeoisie would work hand in hand with the proletariat for the common welfare of mankind. But matters took a different turn. When a mighty storm raises a river so that it overflows its banks and rushes headlong toward the sea, it carries with it in its violent course, stones, sand, and other objects, which would never move from their places of their own momentum. Stones cannot swim. The moment the storm has stopped and the flood subsides these things sink to the bottom and become an obstacle in the channel of the river. The river cannot flow unobstructed until they have been removed, and they will never swim again.

We see the same thing in Russia in the case of the army classes, the landlords, the bureaucracy, and their dependents. The storm of the revolution swept them off their feet, and they greeted the red flag with rejoicing. But they never conceived that a revolution meant a new social order. In their ignorance they thought that those days in March, 1917, had merely changed the color of the coat of paint upon the edifice of government and that its inner structure would be unaffected. But the proletariat in factory and workshop and in field and farm, which had labored and sacrificed and bled a quarter of a century for the revolution, saw nothing in the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty unless some-

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thing more was accomplished, and urged on by the momentum of the moment, it continued its revolutionary efforts. That was too much for the landlords, the bureaucrats, and the army officers. They saw that the proletariat really wanted to socialize the country, and they comprehended that militarism and democracy cannot be reconciled in a democratic nation. Therefore, they cast the god of Liberty into the fire and returned to their overthrown gods of absolutism.

The revolt of Korniloff in September, 1917, started the thing. The landlords, the army officers, and all other hangers-on were the active element in the counter-revolution. Their battle-cry was: 'Restoration of the monarchy and a complete abolition of all the liberties attained by the revolution.' In the same way that they fought to restore the Tsar they also fought for the return of the land to its former owners. They did not recognize the right of the Russian people to self-administration. They would have nothing to do with freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of movement. They would not recognize the right of the workingmen to organize and strive for their own economic betterment. They were reactionaries to the core, and when we read in the newspapers to-day that they have changed their colors and want to set up a liberal government as soon as they have crushed Bolshevism, they are lying — and democratic Russia knows that they are lying. Unhappily, the powers to whom they are appealing for assistance do not know also that they are lying.

It is a great misfortune that just at this time these reactionary forces should be so prominent in the struggle against Bolshevism. But they are no less reactionary. Their names, Krasnof, Denikin, Kolchak, and Skoropadsky are well known. They have fought against Bolshevism long enough to make it very strange that they have won no ground but are rather losing it, or suffering, like Skoropadsky, a complete defeat. *Why is this so? It is because Russian democracy does not trust them and will not help them overthrow Bolshevism in order to set up reaction in its place.*

Let us discuss what they have actually done. Skoropadsky, the typical representative of the landlord class, and himself the owner of more than 300,000 acres of land in Poltava, during his eight months' rule in Ukraina did everything that could be done to deliver this beautiful country over to Bolshevism. He took away from the peasants the land which they had seized a year earlier at the time of the revolution. He sent punitive expeditions throughout all the provinces. They were composed of former officers and policy employees and constables, and they were led by the great landlords of their respective districts. They flogged the peasants and levied contributions upon them to the amount of all that the landlords had lost in the course of the revolution. Every labor and Socialist newspaper was suppressed by Skoropadsky and other newspapers were strictly censored. The very first manifesto issued by Skoropadsky repealed all the laws and liberties that had gone into force during the revolution. Every trace of local self-government in city and village was abolished and political authority was placed in the hands of Skoropadsky's personal agents. Furthermore, in the course of his rule every well-known democratic leader in the Ukraine was arrested and many were shot. The cabinet consisted principally of great landlords, generals, and other gentlemen of arbitrary precedents from the time of the Tsar.

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No concession was made to democracy. Every attempt to assert the rights of free men was bloodily suppressed. That was the glorious rule of the law-and-order government, and it ended just as might be expected — with Bolshevism.

Krasnof, the Cossack general of the Don, followed faithfully in the footsteps of Skoropadsky. Even the most remote relation to the revolution was made a crime in the Don district. Yes, even official prayers for the Tsar were reintroduced. All of the laws of the old monarch were restored. An attempt was made to reëstablish the same restrictions for the Jews that Nicholas had abolished when the war broke out. When Rodzianko, the Conservative president of the old Duma, issued an appeal for a union on the basis of a constitutional monarchy, he was expelled from the Don district by Kolchak for his 'revolutionary' ideas! Kolchak has been fighting the Bosheviki for more than a year without winning any ground. On the contrary, he was defeated not long ago. Why is this? Because democracy cannot fight in the ranks of Kolchak, whose government and purposes merely nourish new civil war.

General Denikin, who is often lauded as the savior of Russia, has formed an army composed almost entirely of former officers, brought up in the service of the Tsar and deprived of a career by the revolution. They hate democracy, and they are fighting for a social order which will guarantee them the privileged position which they formerly enjoyed under the Tsar. They have flocked to the standards of Denikin, because he promises them all their old glory. And remarkable as it may seem, those brothers in arms who are not fighting with them are now leading the Red army in the ranks of the Bolsheviki. But these others are still loyal to despotism, only they have chosen the despotism of the Bolsheviki instead of the monarchy. Wherever Denikin controls all civic freedom disappears. He even attempted to overthrow the Kuban democracy, but failed and was driven out of that region.

When Denikin mobilized the people of his district by force, the men who reported, as soon as they got their weapons, deserted. It was Denikin's army that, last November, killed twenty-six students of Kief University and wounded sixty others because they were celebrating peacefully the German revolution in the university building. Denikin's victory means for Russian democracy merely a protraction of the period of civil war. It has happened repeatedly that when he has won a success at the front a revolt has broken out at his rear.

In addition, there was another army opposed to the Bolsheviki which was composed of democratic elements — of the proletariat and the intellectuals. That was the army of the constitutional convention, headed by the Ufa directory. It fought successfully against Bolshevism, cut it off from Siberia, and seriously threatened Moscow from the east. Some prospect existed of really defeating Bolshevism here. In truth the situation for the Bolsheviki was at no time so critical as last summer when the Ufa army was planning to establish connections with the democratic army in northern Russia. But at this moment the situation was rescued for the Bolsheviki by one of their enemies, and the bitterest enemy of democracy in Russia, Admiral Kolchak. He stuck a knife into democracy from behind, imprisoned the Ufa directory and dispersed the members of the constitutional assembly. He abolished all civic liberties and placed the people under a

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military dictatorship. The democratic front was broken and a way opened for the Bolshevik armies to the Urals. Consequently, the Bolsheviki are not holding the regions that the armies of the constitutional assembly formerly held. Admiral Kolchak is a bureaucrat of the old school. He will have nothing to do with democracy. He crushed it pitilessly on the eve of its victory because democracy was something worse in his eyes than Bolshevism.

Upon the whole, the battle fronts opposed to the Bolsheviki — excepting the northern front, commanded by Chaikovsky, and the western and the southwestern fronts — consist principally of reactionaries, great land owners, army officers, and bureaucrats of the old Russians. They fought for counter-revolutionary ideas. Therefore, their number is small and their success negligible. Their victory is no less feared by democratic Russia than Bolshevism itself. Were they really to win they would erect a military dictatorship, restore the old order and destroy all the fruits of the Russian revolution. But since the clock of history cannot be turned back their rule could not be permanent. Hatred would again flare up in Russia, fan revolts, and prepare new civil wars.

IV

The success of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia is not based upon an uprising of a whole proletariat which was possessed of Bolshevik faith and offered its life to attain these ideals. The revolution in Russia was victory over a government that had sacrificed its authority for the time being. The demand was for peace and bread. The question of communism was a secondary matter. The working people of Russia wanted peace, and the result was that even the proletariat that was not Bolshevik was friendly to the Bolshevik revolt at first. Subsequently the proletariat permitted the Bolsheviki to disperse the constitutional assembly, because the latter, regardless of the popular will, wanted to continue the war. Consequently, Bolshevism had on its side at first idealists, who believed that the time had come for a new social order, and were willing to accompany the Bolsheviki a certain distance to see their ideals realized, and part of the proletariat, which coöperated with it in carrying out its communist ideas, and finally a large faction of the agricultural and industrial proletariat, which was willing to remain neutral for a period. It should be emphasized that a greater part of the Russian proletariat, although it never believed communism would succeed, nevertheless hoped that the experiment might produce some good results, which would ultimately lead to a just social system. Here again history has been a thorough teacher. It has taught the Russian protelariat that good intentions do not modify the course of evolution. The proletariat has paid very dearly for this lesson. But it now knows that the course of social and economic evolution follows stern natural laws, and that a millennium cannot be attained until the country is prepared for it.

The Bolsheviki honestly tried to create this ideal status of society, and they cannot attribute their failure to the fact that they did not have complete power to apply its theories. It is true that the educated classes and some of the working people did not join the Bolsheviki, but the latter frankly assumed that they were a minority when they made themselves dictators. They started with communism and ended with despotism. They began their activity as a prole-

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tarian party. Now, they are a separate group, distinct from every other class of society. I cannot describe the blunders of the Russian Communist party nearly as forcibly as their own leaders have done, but their deviations from their own programme are not yet fully realized by most people. Consequently I shall say a word regarding them.

Russia's land question was settled by the Bolsheviki in a manner that contradicted their own principles. The Communists constantly preached that the land must be socialized. But the decrees upon the subject issued by the people's commissioners merely confirmed the acts of the peasants, who had long previously divided up the land among themselves without paying any regard to Socialist or Communist theories. The result is that the members of the landless country proletariat, having received only a diminutive allotment, are not independent proprietors, since they have not enough land to support themselves. On the other hand, they have now lost their former freedom of movement. The result is that the land reform has created a new system. The middle class peasants quietly rent the land of their poorer neighbors, and the latter are cultivating their own soil as wage hands. The Bolshevik land reform proved a great failure. Deep and bitter indignation against Bolshevism spread through the country. Last autumn when the Bolsheviki began to send food expeditions into the country the breach between them and the peasantry became an open one. *To-day, practically all the country population of Russia is united against Bolshevism.* Just now its method of resistance is rather passive, but for that reason no less effective. Its weapons are partly economic. Last autumn so little land was planted that it is safe to assume that the wheat and rye harvest next summer will scarcely feed the peasants themselves in Central Russia. No surplus whatever will remain for the townspeople. Neither was there any ploughing to speak of in the autumn of 1918, and the climatic conditions of Russia are such that it is impossible to get a satisfactory harvest unless the land is ploughed in the autumn as well as in the spring. Here we see the peasantry and the rural laboring classes resisting Bolshevism by preparing to starve it.

The city proletariat has tolerated Bolshevik experiments longer. In many instances non-Bolsheviki helped the Bolsheviki, seriously desiring to see their ideals put to the test. Now after sixteen months of Bolshevik reforms Russian industry is absolutely ruined. Very few people are now employed in the shops and factories of the city proletariat. Those that still operate are being supported artificially and have no sound vitality. There is hardly a factory which is paying its own way. Since they have been nationalized they continue with the aid of government subsidies. But most of them are shut up. They have been pillaged and their machinery wrecked. The proletariat is unemployed and forced to migrate out of the cities to get bread and labor.

The whole socialization of industry and banking and commerce and other branches of business life were doomed to failure from the outset. Everything was regulated by decrees issued by theorists without previous consultation with experts from the industries affected, and without any prior investigation or practical knowledge of the real situation. When they nationalized the banks they annulled private deposits, and factories had great difficulty in getting even money enough to pay wages. Allotments of money

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for their necessary operating expenses were not obtained until weeks and months after they were requested. Inevitably the whole manufacturing world was paralyzed. The new system of administering manufacturing establishments completed the ruin. Experienced managers were removed and committees appointed in their place consisting mainly of good agitators for Bolshevism but mighty poor managers. Very soon these committees developed into a bureaucratic institution incapable of rendering positive aid but powerful enough to settle the fortunes of the workingmen.

As an outcome, instead of nationalizing the instruments of production in Russia, Bolshevism has destroyed them and precipitated the proletariat into misery and despair. The Russian proletarians cannot claim to be as well trained and independent as their western brethren. They have not the same ability to analyze and to test things out. When they get an idea they obstinately try to apply it at once. They did not want to fight, and neither Milyukof nor Kerensky nor Plechinof nor Kropotkin could make them fight any longer. Now they have gone to the other extreme and are intensely embittered by their recent experience. Unemployment, hunger, sickness, suffering, and warfare are the gifts of Bolshevism. So the people are now raising themselves slowly, but threateningly, against Lenine and Trotzky. The situation in the Bolshevik camp has changed. The anti-Bolshevik proletariat is in the majority, while the former Bolshevik proletariat is ready to witness the overthrow of Bolshevism with indifference. The movement against it is growing and gaining strength. The city proletarians and the educated classes, the country laborers and all the democratic elements are rallying their forces and preparing to cast down Bolshevism. You hear of strikes now and then and of revolts and mutinies throughout Central Russia. These are merely the trials of strength of the proletariat. The rebellious element is multiplying and winning adherents from circles that were but a short time ago the body-guard of Bolshevism. There are already many formerly Bolshevik factories, and entire regions, which are feared to-day by the Bolshevik leaders as hostile to them.

In this manner another front has been erected against Bolshevism, a democratic front, real and powerful, although we cannot draw its strategic lines upon the map. It is the supreme danger for Bolshevism, because it has been organized within its own ranks and among its former adherents. This front is making no dramatic gestures before the world, but it is the front that ultimately will conquer and subdue Bolshevism.

In my opinion the situation in Russia is hastening to a climax. Before many months Bolshevism will collapse. It is more likely that it will voluntarily surrender. But it will not surrender to reactionary militarism or to an intimidated bourgeoisie fighting it from abroad. Bullets and swords cannot kill Bolshevism, even though all the world outside of Russia rise against it. Democracy at home will force Bolshevism to surrender and will then organize a new Russia — a democratic Russia.

The Neue Zeit

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THE NEGRO PROBLEM: FROM A BRITISH POINT OF VIEW

BY PERCIVAL F. SMITH

RECENT riots have directed public attention to the problem of the African, an ever present source of trouble in the Southern States of America and South Africa. The correct solution of the problem is vital to civilization, not only in those lands, but also in Europe, where its influence on economic and industrial conditions already is apparent and in the future will be considerable. Large numbers of colored laborers have been employed in Europe during the war, and many employers have discovered for the first time the manual efficiency of the black man.

In the past the attitude of the British public toward this subject has been that of a man who considers it bad taste to hurt another's feelings by discussing his natural impediments. Untraveled Britons have treated black men as if they were white men whose skins had been darkened by a stroke of bad luck similar to that suffered by one whose face is discolored by the bursting of a blood vessel. In the future that attitude must be abandoned. The black man is not a deformed nor a darkened white man. He is a man of a different species, and when he is recognized and treated as such, and not till then, will the relations between white and black have a chance of becoming really human, healthy, and dignified.

To treat the African as a European is to create a false relationship harmful to both. Scientific investigations carried out over a long period of years and dealing with many cases have shown that after the age of puberty there is a marked inferiority in brain weights and convolutions of the average negro (the most highly developed African) compared with those of the average European. It should not be surprising, therefore, that the education upon European lines of even exceptionally gifted Africans seldom has produced intellectual results up to the European average. The exceptional African is a prodigy in comparison, not with Europeans, but solely with Africans. I think someone has pointed out, with truth, that if the late Booker Washington had been a white man he would not have been regarded as a man of exceptional ability.

But it is not fair to compare blacks with whites. The talents of the African develop in a different direction from those of the European. Take one most important difference. Whereas, the latter is endowed with a restless individualism the former is characterized by a placid communism. The African is a natural Socialist, and his tribal system is a mode of the servile state. Under his native conditions he has lived for centuries exceedingly happy and with a dignity which is not to be found among those of his race who become civilized and industrialized. Now that fact most significantly distinguishes the aptitude of the African from that of the European, since history shows that the latter is not content to live

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for any length of time under the servile conditions inherent in every communistic state so far conceived.

Again, polygamy is so inherent in the African that even to-day it is tolerated in British South Africa. You may go to any farm on the South African veld and you will find in the kaffir Kraal, where the farm servants live, the ancient kaffir family, which consists of its head and a number of wives varying in age from old to young, and a large number of descendants similarly graduated in age. This forcibly illustrates the gulf which separates Africans and Europeans, socially as well as economically.

If the white man, when he came into contact with the black man, had left him in his aboriginal condition or had helped to develop him in accordance with those conditions, there would have been no African problem. For what is that problem? It is the problem of producing harmony between the white and black races wherever they may be brought constantly into touch with each other.

When the European came into contact with the African he found him a very useful 'hewer of wood and drawer of water,' and ever since has employed his services for profit. This has led to Africans living in contiguity with Europeans and, ultimately, to a social mingling of the two races and to industrial competition between them. Social contact has created large numbers of half-castes who in some parts of South Africa are increasing with a rapidity which is a menace to the future of the white race. Such contact is degrading both to Europeans and Africans, and the resulting colored population is without any moral or racial stability, almost every colored person looking to his European origin with pride and his African descent with shame. The social tendencies of such conditions are well illustrated by an incident which happened in South Africa shortly after the consummation of the Union in 1910. It was proposed to extend to the Cape Colony, where marriages between white and colored people are allowed, the law of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State which forbids them. In the course of public discussion a colored woman wrote to the press taking strong objection to the proposal. 'It does not matter what laws you make,' said she, 'it is the ambition of all us colored women to have white men as the fathers of our children, and whether it is legal or not we're going to have such fathers if we can.'

The effect of inter-breeding between whites and blacks is disastrous. A half-caste population is in a constant state of disintegration, the tendency being for the progeny to revert either to its European or its African origin. It is not uncommon for colored parents to have one child almost white and another almost black. There is no chance of orderly progress in a country which has such a mixed population. Long periods of delusive calm are interrupted by violent and unexpected outbreaks. Social and political conditions may be described as volcanic—*ex Africa semper novis.*

The very apparent docility of the negro cloaks the insurgence of the savage. This docility is one of the chief attractions of the African to the ordinary employer. Black labor, so often called cheap labor, is not cheap at all, but it is docile, and, therefore, easily managed under conditions intelligible to the black. Those are quite different from the conditions under which the ordinary European can maintain his self-respect. As I have already pointed out the African

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is a Communist. The system of private contract is alien to his long inherited customs, the sanction of which is compulsion. Consequently in a country like South Africa where practically the whole of the so-called unskilled labor is done by black or colord men the working conditions preclude European competition. Thus under the indentured labor system prevalent in South Africa, breaches of contract by the laborer are punishable as crimes, and men are constantly being imprisoned for such offenses as desertion, absence from work, and refusal to work.

The employment of anything like a large number of blacks except under such conditions would be practically impossible. No large employer could risk engaging black laborers if his sole security for breach of contract won a right to sue for damages. The fear of unemployment is nothing like as strong with the African as with the European. The demand for his labor is always greater than the supply and generally he can return to the communal lands of his tribe where under the easy African climatic conditions he can live in laziness. There can be no doubt that from a merely animal point of view much may be said in favor of the communal system.

The conditions under which large numbers of blacks are employed act as a protection to black labor against white competition, with the resulting formation of a miserable class of whites for whom there is no available economic niche. The problem of this class, called 'poor whites' in South Africa and 'poor white trash' in America is a very serious one, especially when it is remembered that in both these countries the European existed before the kaffir or the negro. Indentured labor was abolished in the States after the Civil War, and according to statistics the 'poor whites' have benefited by the abolition.

In South Africa the colored (*i.e.*, half-caste) man has tended very quickly to replace the white man as an artisan. This has been due mainly to the colored man undercutting the white, to whom a higher standard of living is essential. To meet this danger the white men's trades-unions on the Rand for many years have maintained a 'color bar,' legalized under the Mining Laws, and which restrains employers from employing colored artisans. Without the 'color bar,' under the system of indentured labor, the white artisan's position would be impossible. Thus in Kimberley, where there is no such bar, in the course of thirty years eighty-five per cent of white artisans were replaced by colored men. At present the 'color bar' is as essential to the employment of white artisans on the Rand as the 'indentured labor system' is to the employment of kaffirs. Both are forms of artificial protection, but the former is merely a consequence of the latter, and it should not be forgotten that the white man went to the Rand voluntarily, whereas, few black men would go there if they were not 'recruited' by the agents of native labor associations, who scour Africa to obtain labor for the mines.

The danger that confronts the white from the industrial competition of the black is not easily understood; but, speaking generally, there is no more certain truth than the ancient statement that those who do the work of a country shall inherit it.

The social danger is much more readily appreciated than the industrial one, for 'color prejudice' is instinctive. It is wrongly termed a prejudice because it is not false, and is not founded upon ignorance. It is a natural protection of that racial purity which is so

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essential to the future welfare of white and black races alike. Among some African tribes exists the custom of destroying half-caste children directly after birth, a custom which shows how insurgent is the natural instinct to preserve racial identity.

I could quote many facts to show the difficulty of obtaining justice for either whites or blacks where the two races live and work side by side. Long experience and close observation in South Africa and careful study of the history of that country and of the Southern States with its ten terrible years supervening on the Civil War have impelled me to the conclusion that the difficulty is insuperable. The only salvation for both races is complete segregation, socially and industrially. Attempts at social segregation in different forms have been made and are still being made in South Africa; but they have failed, although they are preferable to a policy of *laissez faire*. The rock on which they come to shipwreck is the desire of the white to take advantage of the labor of the black, but at the same time to protect the purity of the white race. The strictest form of social segregation is the Kimberley 'compound system,' but the facts with regard to the growth of the colored half-castes at Kimberley are conclusive evidence of its failure to protect racial identity. Moreover, there can, of course, be no ethical defense of social, when unaccompanied by industrial, segregation.

A policy of partial social and industrial segregation exists in what are called 'native reserves' such as Basutoland, territories in which whites are not allowed to own land and which white officials genuinely attempt to administer for the sole benefit of the blacks. It is generally admitted that the reserves are a blessing to the native inhabitants. Along these lines must be sought the solution of the African problem. As Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln clearly foresaw, it is the only permanent solution; and the war has made it a practical one. Central Africa should be turned into a great reserve for the African race, and should be administered solely in their interest. Every reasonable step should be taken to enable black men in Central Africa to gratify their legitimate aspirations for national and individual development, and nothing should be done to encourage them to do so anywhere else.

They should be offered material inducements to migrate from elsewhere to Central Africa, which should be developed industrially, and administered by white officials with the simple aim of benefiting the black man. By such a policy of reasonable inducement and protection, and without the necessity of any compulsion, in the course of a few years the African races might be segregated completely, to the lasting good of themselves and of Western civilization. Yet this is a policy which would require such high courage, honesty, and statesmanship that it is unlikely to receive serious attention from the rulers of the world; but as the ages pass its justice is bound to be recognized, and coming generations will have cause to curse our ineptitude.

The mere statement of the African problem suggests its answer. There can be no harmony between the white and black races so long as they are brought constantly into touch with each other, and the recent riots are strong evidence in support of this truth.

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ENJOYING LIFE

Some Unpublished Entries from the 'Journal of a Disappointed Man'

BY W. N. P. BARBELLION

When I awoke, a glance toward the window told me that outside it had already happened — the sun was up, humming along through a cloudless sky full of bees and skylarks. I shut my eyes and buried my nose in the pillow — awake sufficiently to realize that another great day had dawned for me while I slept.

I lay still for a moment in luxurious anticipation and listened to a tiny joy, singing within like the voice of a girl in the distance, until at last great waves of happiness roared through my heart like sea horses. I jumped out of bed, flung on my dressing-gown, and went off across the meadow to bathe in the stream. In the water I plunged and struggled and kicked with a sensuous delight in its coldness and in every contraction of a muscle, glad to be nude and clean and cool among the dragonflies and trout. On the shore my bulldog stood biting out great chunks of water from the stream which druled out of his chops as reckless wastage of an infinite supply. I clambered to a rock in midstream in which I rested in a moment of expansion, relaxed in every tissue. The current rocked one's foot in the water, and the sun made every cell in my body vibrate. Upstream, a dipper sang — and surely nothing but happiness could ever enter life again! Neither the past nor the future existed for me any more, but only the glorious and all-absorbing present. I put my whole being into the immediate ticking hour with its sixty minutes of precious life, and catching each pearl drop as it fell, said 'Now my happiness is complete and now and now.' I lay thus for I know not how long, centuries perhaps, for down in the silent well of our existence time is not reckoned by the clock nor our abiding joy in idle, obstinate words. Then I rubbed down with a hard towel — how I loved my cool, pink skin! — and stood a moment in the shade of the pine trees, still unembarrassed by a single demoralizing garment. I was free, immaculate, untouched by anything coarser than the soft morning air around and the moss in the ground that supported the soles of my feet.

In the afternoon, I rode over the hills in a spirit of burning exultation. The moors rolled to the sea infinitely far and the sea to the horizon infinitely wide. I opened both arms and tried to embrace the immensity of that wind-swept space through sheer love of it. The wind roared past my ears and through my hair. Overhead a herring gull made use of the air currents and soared on motionless wings. Verily! the flight of a gull is as magnificent as the Andes. No other being save myself was in sight. If I had chanced to meet someone I should have greeted him with the question that was stinging the tip of my tongue: 'What does it all mean and what do you think?' And he, of course, after a moment's puzzled reflection, would have answered 'It means nout, tho' I think us could do with a change of government.' But so excited as to be heedless of his reply I should have followed up, in the grand manner, with 'Whence do we come and whither do we go?' or 'Tell me where you have lived, what countries have you seen? what is your favorite mountain? Do you like thunderstorms or sunsets best? How many times have you been in love, and what about God?'

At night, as I turned homewards, flushed and excited with the day's life,

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going to bed unwillingly at last and even depressed because the day was at an end and I must needs put myself into a state of unconsciousness while the earth itself is never asleep, but always spins along amid the stars with its precious human freightage. To lose a single minute of conscious life in sleep seemed a real loss!

I like all things which are swift or immense—lightning, Popocatepetl, London, Roosevelt!

So, anyhow, I like to think in periods of ebullience when wind and sun beat down upon the face and the blood rushes through the arteries. We live in an age of hustle and speed. We sweep from one end of the country to the other by rail, plane, and motor, and the *quidnunc* querulously complains, 'Too much rushing about nowadays and too little thinking.' Yet does he think we ought to remain at home arranging the Cosmos with Lotze or William James, while Hamel gets into an aeroplane on the neighboring heath and shows us how to loop the loop? Must I be improving my mind with sociological ruminations while the herring fleet is ready to take me out to the deep sea? The speed, ferocity, and dash of the London street full of cars and strenuous, sleek, top-hatted gentlemen and raddled women is most exhilarating. Londoners must enjoy a perpetual exhilaration. Like mountain air, I suspect that the stinks of petrol and horse-dung get into the blood. There may be a little mountain sickness at first, but the system soon adapts itself. On the first day of my arrival in London, as the train moved over the roofs of the squalid tenements in the environs of Waterloo, and round about the great dome of St. Paul's, its cross reaching up into the sky like a great symbolic X, I kept thinking to myself that here was the greatest city in the world, and that here again was I, in it — one of its five millions of inhabitants. I said so to myself and whistled low. Already I was in love with London's dirt and grandeur, and by the time I had reached the Strand I plunged like a man who cannot swim. After all, only Shakespeare could stand on the top of Mont Blanc and not lose his spiritual equilibrium.

But it is not always possible to be living among the heights. And life in the plains is often equally furious. We can climb to peaks in Darien without ever leaving our armchair. We may be swimming the Hellespont as we light a cigarette. Some of the tiniest outward incidents in life, in appearance as harmless as cricket balls, may be actually as explosive as bombs. That little, scarcely audible thing — a kiss — may shatter the fortress of the heart with the force of a 15-inch gun. A melody in music — one of Bach's Fugues or the 'Unfinished Symphony' of Schubert may, in a few bars, create a *bouleversement*, sweep us out into the high seas past all our usual anchorages and leave us there alone to struggle with a new destiny. And who cannot recall — some there be, I think, who, with delightful precocity, collect them in the memory — those silent, instantaneous flashes of collusion with beauty, of which even the memory so electrifies the emotions that no mental analysis of them is ever made? The intellect is knocked out in the first round. We can simply catalogue them without comment, *e.g.*, a girl running and leaping into the sea to bathe; those blue butterflies and thyme flowers (which Richard Jefferies loved with an almost feminine tenderness); the nude body of a child of four; a young red-topped larch cone; a certain smile, a pressure of the hand, an unresolved inflection of a voice.

Life pursues me like a fury. Everywhere at all times, I am feeling, think-

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ing, hoping, hating, loving, cheering. It is impossible to escape.

I once sought refuge in a deserted country churchyard where the gravestones stood higgledy-piggledy among the long grass, their inscriptions almost obliterated by moss and time. 'Here,' said I, 'it will be cold and lifeless and I can rest.' I wanted to be miserable, dull, and unresponsive. With difficulty I read an inscription expressing the sorrow of a father and mother in 1701 for the loss of their beautiful daughter, Joan, aged 21. I read others, but the most pathetic barely amused me. I was satisfactorily indifferent. These people, I said sardonically, had lived and suffered so long ago that even their sorrows were petrified. Parents' grief in 1701 is simply a piece of palæontology. So I passed on, content to be unmolested, thinking I had escaped. But beside the old graves were a few recent ones with fresh flowers upon them; across the road in the schoolroom the children began to sing, and up at the farm, I then recalled, the old folk, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, were waiting for the call; all of them beneath the shadow of the church tower whose clock-face watched the generations come and go and come again to lie beneath the shadow of the yews. I saw the procession of human life, generation after generation, pass through the village down the ages, and though all had been silent before, I heard now the roar of existence sweeping through the churchyard as loudly as in Piccadilly. I jumped from peak to peak of thought — from human life to the planet itself; the earth fell away from my feet and far below was the round world whole — a sphere among other spheres in the planetary system bound up by the laws of evolution and motion. As I hung aloft at so great a height and in an atmosphere so cold and rare, I shivered at the immensity of the universe of which I formed a part: for the moment a colossal stage-fright seized me. I longed to cease to be, to vanish in complete self-annihilation. But only for a moment: then gathering the forces of the soul as every man must and does at such times of crisis, I leaped upon the rear of the great occasion before it was too late, crying: 'The world is a ship, on an unknown and dangerous commission. But I for my part, as a silly shipboy, will stand on the ratlines and cheer.' I left the churchyard almost hilarious!

The Nation

WAR POSTERS

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT

If it had been an affair of posters only, the Germans would have won the war and would have deserved to win it. That, at any rate, is the general impression to be got from the exhibition of war posters at the Grafton Galleries — which, of course, is a tribute to the value of the exhibition. It is the first opportunity we have had of comparing notes. Not that we did not know that the British war posters were very bad. Particularly in the early days of the war, nothing did more to depress the morale of the country. In those days, besides the whole-hoggers for and against the war, there was a large number of quite patriotic people who did not feel altogether comfortable about our aims. The posters confirmed, or seemed to confirm, their worst misgivings; and the chief effect of the recruiting posters was to make conscientious objectors. If that was the effect upon our own people what must it have been upon outsiders? My own experience at any rate, was that I constantly found myself having to explain to intelligent neutrals that our war aims

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were not really so bad as the posters made out.

Our weakness in making out a good case for ourselves is generally put down to our natural modesty. That is comforting, but it is not true. The reason, as may be seen at this exhibition, is mainly technical. Our officials and our business men do not know how things are done, and when they employ the man who does know — that is to say, the artist — they will not give him a free hand. If a man came to me and said, 'What is the matter with the English poster?' I should say, 'Bubbles.' The advertising value of 'Bubbles'— and I believe it has had a great deal — is not due to the fact that it is a good poster, but because it represents a pretty boy, is the reproduction of a real painting by a famous R.A., and must have cost a lot of money to reproduce. Broadly speaking, the poster policy of our business men has been based upon these accidents. That is to say, in relation to the object aimed at, their policy has been exactly the same as that of the Chinese villagers in Lamb's 'Dissertation upon Roast Pig.' Undoubtedly when the village was burned down the pig got roasted; but clumsily, and at a quite unnecessary cost in building materials. Not that our business men, the knowing fellows, have followed 'Bubbles' blindly. Sometimes they dispense with the pretty boy, sometimes with the famous R.A., and sometimes with the lot of money; but the principle remains exactly the same, and their poster policy is based upon anything but the advertising value of the poster as poster.

Our artists, of course, know better. Quite early the Beggarstaff Brothers designed and printed half-a-dozen first-rate posters, but from lack of encouragement they soon gave up the attempt, and, as Mr. William Nicholson and Mr. James Pryde, took to painting pictures in disgust. But, from a patriotic point of view, the mischief was done. The Germans saw what the Beggarstaff Brothers were driving at, and, with their usual thoroughness, took up and developed the art and science of the poster — with results that may be seen in the End Gallery in Grafton Street to-day. Exactly the same thing happened, of course, with stage production. We would not look at Mr. Gordon Craig until he came to us, *via* Munich and Moscow in Reinhardt's *Miracle* and *Sumurun* and the Russian Ballet. The recent improvement in our posters is due simply to the fact that a few of our more intelligent business men have been convinced by German work of what the Beggarstaff Brothers and a few other artists could have told them long ago.

Yes, but what is the art and science of the poster? In a word — printing. Broadly, the difference between the English and the German poster is that ours is the reproduction of a painting and theirs is a printed design. A poster has to be designed, of course, and that is where the artist comes in; but painting has no more to do with the business than burning down villages has to do with roast pork. One of the best of the German posters, if not the best, 'The German Eagle and the Dove of Peace,' by Sigrist, is to all intents and purposes a large wood-cut printed in three colors. Not that it is necessary for a poster to be done in wood-cut style in order to be effective on the hoardings. The splendid series of Austrian war loan posters and the Hungarian poster of a woman on a white horse — 'Gyers segely' — are evidence to the contrary. The important thing is that the poster should be done in the convention of printing and not in the convention of painting.

This is not an æsthetic fad; it is,

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like all other artistic expedients that are worth anything, a matter of common sense. For one thing, as may be seen in 'The German Eagle' and 'The Ring of Enemies,' it brings the picture and text into the same category, so that they can be taken in with the same act of the eye. When the picture is done in the convention of painting you have to make two bites at your cherry; you may not be conscious of it, but you give to the picture a different sort of attention from that which you give to the text. Not only that, but a picture which is done in the printing convention of more or less 'flat' color is actually more visible in the conditions of the street than is a reproduction of a painting. The range of distance at which a large painting is clearly visible is strictly limited; both when you are close up to it and when you are very far off it 'goes into a mess.' A design in flat color is clearly visible — or, rather, legible, for that is the important thing — at any range at which it can be seen at all. Apart from all that, there is the question of fitness, which is felt instinctively even by people who have never thought about it. The hoarding is essentially the place for printed matter; it is less the picture gallery than the illustrated page of the streets.

There are, of course, many other characteristics of the good poster, but they are all implied in the convention of printing. Design for printing and you can't go very far wrong. No doubt we have far fewer artists who can design for printing than artists who can paint a tolerably good realistic picture, but we have quite enough to have made a much better show in war posters if they had been given a free hand. When, rather late in the day, they were given a free hand, they turned out some excellent things; Mr. Frank Brangwyn's, for example, and the charming posters of 'Women on the Land,' by Mr. J. Walter West. Not that the lithographic drawing, unless very simple, is best for the poster. Only two dimensions are really effective on the hoardings. Anything added in the third dimension both adds to the cost of printing and takes away from the visual 'punch' of the poster. There is no reason, by the way, why a poster should not be realistic in character so long as it is not realistic in method. The 'Fag Day' poster, by Mr. Bert Thomas, is a good example of what I mean. The types are as realistic as you please, but the treatment is, in the right sense, conventional.

The paintings by M. Marcel Jefferys, at the Mansard Gallery of Messrs. Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road, deserve much more notice than can be given them at the tail of an article. His poster — of a pot of flowers — is enough to show that here, at any rate, is an artist who will not defeat his talent by lack of artistic common sense, and the exhibition confirms that impression. It is the happiest thing in London. The range of subjects is extremely wide, from still-life studies to elaborate figure compositions; but in everything there is nice adaptation of means to end combined with remarkable consistency of style. Best of all, the universal gayety of the pictures is kept within the scope of the domestic interior; and, as if to drive this point home, the exhibition includes some designs for printed fabrics.

The Outlook

THE TWILIGHT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF

Christianity, according to the Dean of St. Paul's, cannot be said to have failed, because it has never been tried. It is a bitter saying, both true

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and false. Christianity has been tried for nineteen centuries; but the Dean means that it has not been properly tried. We will not discuss that point with Dr. Inge; it would require a volume of historical and theological disputation. Our contention is that judged by the facts of the last twelve years and by the present position of affairs, both in England and in Europe, Christianity has failed and is dead. Does anyone deny it, who is not paid to affirm the contrary? And when we say Christianity, we mean Christianity as a national system of religious belief dictating and insuring obedience to a national code of conduct. There are perhaps millions of pious persons, who cherish in their minds a passionate belief in the story of

> the sinless years
> That breathed beneath the Syrian blue,

and in the ethical teaching of the Master. But we are now speaking of the belief of the masses, and the doctrine of the state, as the government appointed by the masses. We have still an Established Church, it is true, and its worship is still conducted with reverence, sometimes with splendor, and is in some places attended by numerous worshipers. But of spiritual authority there is none, and as an ethical engine in the national life to-day, Christianity is as dead as the pagan mythology in the first three centuries of the Roman empire. Indeed, there is a striking resemblance between the moral condition of the world to-day and that of the Roman empire during the first three or four centuries that followed the birth of Christ. It was a transition period, and has been thus described by the pen of De Quincey: 'At present, when the pagan religion had virtually died out, all secret restraints were breaking up; a general delirium carried, and was felt to carry, a license into all ranks; it was not a negative merely, but a positive change. A religion had collapsed — *that* was negative; a mockery had been drawn into high relief — *that* was positive. It was not that restraints were resisted; there were none to resist, they had crumbled away spontaneously. What power still acted upon society? Terror from police; and still, as ever, the divine restraints of love and pity, honor, and domestic affections. But the conscience spoke no longer through spiritual organs.' Is not this an accurate description of the condition of Europe and of England to-day? There is no spiritual authority, because there are no spiritual organs through which it can act. Is it not true of England to-day, that 'all secret restraints are breaking up,' and that 'a general delirium' is carrying 'a license into all ranks'? We have suddenly awakened from a dream of comfort and security to find that all restraints have 'crumbled away spontaneously.' What else is the meaning of all these strikes on every side? Upon examination we think it will be found that all peaceful and civilized societies have been supported by two pillars or buttresses, spiritual authority and the sentiment of deference for the possessors of property or education or rank, hereditary or official. Both these pillars have suddenly been pulled away. The masses of handworkers deny the authority of the Church, or rather they ignore it. As for deference, their sentiments have been best expressed by the late Stephen Reynolds in a book called *Seems So*, of which the choral note is, 'What we wants to know is, who's our betters and why are they so?' In their more serious moods, the deferential spirit of the masses is embodied in a repetition of Proudhon's saying that all property is theft.

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Christianity saved the old world from the moral consequences of the wreck of mythology. What is going to save the new world from the more awful consequences that will flow from the wreck of Christianity? Dean Inge suggests that some of us, at all events, should try the simple life. Some of us will have to try it, whether we like it or not. But that will not save the state, for the simple life will never be tried by the majority, unless compelled to it by capture or defeat in war. In truth the simple life has been recommended to us northern peoples by philosophers, who lived in a southern climate where nothing more than a barbarous simplicity was attainable by the richest. We are not speaking of the Romans, whose luxury was as great as our own, but of the Greeks, a poor and shifty people. To the smart Athenian crowd who spent the afternoon in logic-chopping with Socrates, or to those who attended the lectures of Aristotle, it was easy to preach the simple life, as easy as making a speech on economy in the House of Commons. But after twenty years of electric light, and telephones, and motor cars, with aviation just opening a new vista of luxurious locomotion, Dr. Inge will find his disciples few indeed. We may be driven to simplicity; we shall not come to it willingly.

The Bishop of Peterborough believes in nationalization, and assures us that 'there is a rising tide of opinion within the Christian Church . . . an increasing perception in the Church . . . that every economic problem has its moral side, and that where there is a choice between various organizations of industrial life preference must be given to those which are believed more adequately to express the principles of fellowship laid down in the New Testament.' We quite agree, but we should be more than obliged to the reverend prelate if he would explain to us (as he made no attempt to do it in his letter to the *Times* of the 21st inst.) in what way the organization which is known as the Triple Alliance of Coal Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers, expresses, adequately or inadequately, 'the principles of fellowship laid down in the New Testament.' Which of the beatitudes applies to them? Are they the meek? or the peacemakers? Or are they those who agree with their adversary quickly? To the nonepiscopal eye they appear as a very powerful organization which is levying blackmail on the necessities of a helpless community. But to the Bishop of Peterborough nationalization is a blessed word. Does the Bishop realize that nationalization means the extinction of individual enterprise, and, indeed, of individual property, except in the form of a state annuity? The reason why Messrs. Straker and Smillie and the Bishop's railway guard passionately demand the substitution of the state for the individual, is simply that they wish to drag everybody down to the same level, and that they are driven mad by the sight of wealth in others, as exhibited by the ordinary symbols of good clothes, houses, servants, motors, etc. Dr. Woods is young, and sanguine, and believes that nationalization plus the Sermon on the Mount can save the world. Our view, sorrowfully formed from the facts of the last twelve years, since 1906, is that the Sermon on the Mount has been thrown into the waste-paper basket by the trade unions, and that all the bishops on the bench cannot recover it. There remains nationalization, a subject on which we can't do better than give the Bishop of Peterborough a quotation from Sir Henry Maine,

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once the most famous Professor of the Bishop's University. 'There are two sets of motives, and two only, by which the great bulk of the material of human subsistence and comfort have hitherto been produced and reproduced. One has led to the cultivation of the territory of the Northern States of the American Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The other had a considerable share in bringing about the industrial and agricultural progress of the Southern States, and in old days it produced the wonderful prosperity of Peru under the Incas. One system is economical competition; the other consists in the daily task, perhaps fairly and kindly allotted, but enforced by the prison or the scourge. So far as we have any experience to teach us, we are driven to the conclusion, that every society of men must adopt one system or the other, or it will pass through penury to starvation' (*Popular Government*, page 52). The Bishop is apparently on the side of that foreshadowed by General Smuts in his pamphlet, and in part adopted by the Covenant. All doors are to be open. There are to be either no customs or export duties, or the same for everybody. Everyone, especially the German bagman, is to be admitted on terms of equality in every market and every port. If anyone goes to war, or threatens to go to war, he must be first boycotted by all members of the League, and then brought to reason by their combined warlike operations — which, however, must be confined to the land, and presumably the air, because armed ships are not to be allowed. The whole thing, in the light of the armistice and the approaching peace, looks exquisitely silly. But change the names of the ruling powers, and turn the disabling clauses against Germany instead of against England, and it is not silly in the least. It may be ambitious, it may be autocratic, it may be an endeavor to establish the 'world-power' of the victors in the war, and it may be unquestionably doomed to failure as a device for insuring perpetual peace, but these criticisms are hardly more applicable to it than they are to the League of Nations.

The Saturday Review

OUTWITTING THE TAILOR: A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A NEEDY PARISIAN

BY PIERRE MILLE

YESTERDAY, because of the transportation strike, I came back on foot from the second-hand tobacco market. It is a picturesque spot, that market, but my journey was quite useless. The dealer, who carries on his little business in a wine shop on the *Rue Maître-Albert*, said to me coldly, 'Tobacco? There it is, bourgeois, there it is! Forty cents for forty grammes.' I answered him that he must be exaggerating, for a package of ordinary Caporals, according to the last proclamations, should cost but a franc. He answered me imperturbably and carelessly, 'Well then, find some.' And after all it is true that the only cheaper form of tobacco which can be found in the tobacco bureaus are those little packages of Brazilian cigarettes which weigh only twenty-five grammes and cost three francs. Nevertheless, forty cents for a package of tobacco, and second-hand tobacco at that, well, that seemed much too dear. I shan't smoke any more, that's all; it will benefit my health.

My wife, to whom I communicated these observations, did not fail to second me in my decision. She even added, 'That will save me from eternally having to mend your trousers.

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Did you know that you had burned a hole in them for the third time?'

Upon this third occasion, the pair of trousers, however, were taken to the repairer. This artist disdainfully made known to the world that there was nothing to be done; it appeared that this indispensable article was worn to the quick, and that mendings, done with new thread, would be seen no matter how skillfully they were made. Moreover, the vest of that suit is 'na poo.' Unfortunate men, whose task it is to write, are always rubbing their vest against the same place at their desk, and there results from this an unhappy wear which leaves a whitening streak upon the material.

So there it is, I have nothing left to put on. I do not know how I can decently call upon any of my fellow citizens. This clothes question, for those who are neither millionaires nor merry, care-free proletarians, is becoming a dreadful problem. At the beginning of the war, although the prices were still within the range of reason, I did not renew my wardrobe, because, as everybody said, 'Nobody knew just what was going to happen and it was wise to make economies.' And then, the war continued. I went to my tailor — a minor tailor — who used to make me a suit for 140 francs. He asked 200. I walked out of the shop. 'There'll be an end to this some time,' I said, 'and prices will surely fall. And while waiting for prices to fall, I explored my clothes closet. I discovered in it treasures whose very existence I had forgotten, whole suits and various pairs of colored trousers, some of which were well worn to be sure, yet, nevertheless, capable of being made over. Accordingly, they were made over. Then there were vests of still another color, but it seems that such is the style. Well, I managed to make up some suits, somewhat harlequin in effect, I fear, but not without distinction. With a cane which I carry very elegantly, I still made quite a figure.

The next year, I went to my tailor again. He asked me 300 francs. I walked out of the shop. 'That will come to an end some time.' And so it did; we had the armistice and the victory. Everybody embraced everyone else, and to celebrate the times in proper fashion, I ran to my tailor. He asked 350 francs. I walked out of the shop. Once home, I hurried again to the depths of my clothes closet. Alas, there was absolutely nothing in it, absolutely nothing. The end is at hand, and now my tailor wants 450 francs. 'Four hundred and fifty francs,' he said to me, 'and that without any lining.' 'Without any lining?' 'Yes, our union has decided that henceforth linings are to be paid for separately.' I am ruined. I simply cannot pay such a price. We must eat. My wife and I eat refrigerated meat, but our cook gets a little bit of fresh meat for her own use. She says that refrigerated meat is poison to the stomach and that she will never consent to touch the awful stuff.

There are shoes to be bought. My last pair has been resoled four times; but now the uppers are gone; they admit water and are hideous to see. Yet, I should have to pay 80 francs to replace them.

I passed a bad night. I kept repeating, '80 francs for shoes, 80 francs for shoes.' I simply could n't sleep. Happening to think of Molière, the name of that great dramatist suggested an idea to me and in the morning, I went to the costumer of the *Théâtre-Français:*

'Do you happen to have,' I said to him, 'either for sale or for hiring out, any old and somewhat worn costume, of the epoch of 1830, let us say. Such a costume, for instance, as might have

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been worn in Alfred du Vigny's *Chatterton*. I think a Chatterton costume would be quite becoming to me, or, perhaps, you have a hero's costume, something from *Thirty Years of the Gambler's Life*. That, too, would go well.'

'Monsieur, you have come too late. Too many clients have already had the same idea. There have been university men, men of letters, and deputies, even, here before you. They began by taking away all my costumes of the Second Empire; that of Monsieur Benoîton, that of Monsieur Duval, the friend of *La Dame aux Camélias;* those which figured in the repertory of Labiche, those from the *Gendre de M. Poirier*. The repertory of Emile Augier has been very popular. It is honest and decent, dates from no particular epoch and does not attract attention to its wearer. When these were gone, a raid on the romantics began, Amaury, Chatterton. I have nothing left of those epochs. Nothing except *Don Carlos*, *Hernani*, *Ruy Blas*, *Guritan*, or, perhaps, Henri III, François I, Schomberg or Quélus, or, perhaps, the Marquis de Molière, or the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, or the *Misanthrope*, or *Scapin*.

It was all too clear. I threw up my hands and went home with death in my soul. I was brooding on ideas of suicide, when my wife said to me, 'See what I have found. Cannot you make a dressing-gown out of it by having it dyed black?'

She was holding up a Persian robe, a vast Persian robe, made of red cloth, which a friend had once brought me from Teheran. The ghost of Jean-Jacques Rousseau strode across my memory. There is no difference between a Persian and an Armenian robe, and did not that great man for many years wander through the streets of Paris dressed only in an Armenian robe? He pretends to have never had but happiness from it. I shall have the Persian robe dyed black.

Some days later. The concierge did look a little upset when he saw me go out for the first time in my new costume. But he is used to it now and nobody pays any attention to me in the streets. You see there are so many strangers now in Paris because of the Peace Conference. As for me, I am enchanted. My costume is cool and comfortable. Jean-Jacques certainly knew what he was doing. I have also found a pair of Hindu sandals which go very nicely with my robe. The other day, I met some Armenians, real Armenians. One of them spoke to me in his language. I did not understand. Then he said in French, 'Have you done well with your rugs?' That's it, they all sell rugs. Not a bad idea! I fear, however, that I should not be able to tell a Bokhara from a Samarkand. So I have taken to selling shoe strings every night when my work is done. The public finds this quite natural because of my robe, an advantage which it wins for me. I have even become a member of the Shoe-string Sellers' Union. My colleagues rushed me into it; I am not to sell shoe strings for less than six francs a pair. I don't go into the rich quarters; all those poor bourgeois have n't a cent left, they are forever bargaining. I go among the people. They never bargain. They are people of property, and close the deal with a glass of wine.

Le Temps

OTTOMANS AND WHATNOTS

BY ROGER FRY

Such were the outlandish names of the two great clans that marched under the flag of the Antimacassar to the resounding periods of Mr. Podsnap's rhetoric. For all the appearance of

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leisure, for all the absence of hustle, those were strenuous days. Respectability and 'the young person' were perpetually menaced by inveterate human nature, and were always or nearly always just being saved as by a miracle. But in the end it was the boast of the Victorians that they had established a system of taboos almost as complicated and as all-pervading as that of the Ojibways or the Waramunga. The Ottoman, which seated two so conveniently, was liable to prove a traitor, but what the Ottoman risked could be saved by the Whatnot, with Tennyson and John Greenleaf Whittier to counsel and assuage. One of the things they used to say in those days, quite loudly and distinctly, was: 'Distance lends enchantment to the view.' It seemed so appropriate at the frequent and admirably organized picnics that at last it was repeated too often, and the time came when, under pain of social degradation, it was forbidden to utter the hated words. But now that we are busy bringing back the Ottoman and the Whatnot from the garret and the servants' hall to the drawing room, we may once more repeat the phrase with impunity, and indeed this article has no other purpose than to repeat once more (and with how new a relish!): 'Distance lends enchantment to the view.'

Also, with our passion for science and exact measurement, we shall wish to discover the exact distance at which enchantment begins. And this is easier than might be supposed; for anyone who has lived long enough will have noticed that a certain distance lends a violent disgust to the view — that as we recede there comes a period of oblivion and total unconsciousness, to be succeeded when consciousness returns by the ecstasy, the nature of which we are considering.

I, alas! can remember the time when the Ottoman and Whatnot still lingered in the drawing rooms of the less fashionable and more conservative bourgeoisie; lingered despised, rejected, and merely awaiting their substitutes. I can remember the sham Chippendale and the sham old oak which replaced them. I can remember a still worse horror — a genuine modern style which as yet has no name, a period of black polished wood with spidery lines of conventional flowers incised in the wood and then gilt. These things must have belonged to the eighties — I think they went with the bustle; but as they are precisely at the distance where unconsciousness has set in, it is more difficult to me to write the history of this period than it would be to tell of the sequence of styles in the Tang dynasty. And now, having watched the Whatnot disappear, I have the privilege of watching its resurrection. I have passed from disgust, through total forgetfulness, into the joys of retrospection.

Now my belief is that none of these feelings have anything to do with our æsthetic reactions to the objects as works of art. The odd thing about either real or would-be works of art, that is to say, about any works made with something beyond a purely utilitarian aim — the odd thing is that they can either affect our æsthetic sensibilities or they can become symbols of a particular way of life. In this aspect they affect our historical imagination through our social emotions. That the historical images they conjure up in us are probably false has very little to do with it; the point is that they exist for us, and exist for most people, far more vividly and poignantly than any possible æsthetic feelings. And somehow the works of each period come to stand for us as symbols of some particular and spe-

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cial aspect of life. A Limoges casket evokes the idea of a life of chivalrous adventure and romantic devotion; an Italian cassone gives one a life of intellectual ferment and Boccaccian freedom; before a Caffieri bronze or a Riesener bureau one imagines one's self an exquisite aristocrat proof against the deeper passions, and gifted with a sensuality so refined and a wit so ready that gallantry would be a sufficient occupation for a lifetime. Whoever handling a Louis XV tabatière reflected how few of the friends of its original owner ever washed, and how many of them were marked with small-pox? The fun of these historical evocations is precisely in what they leave out.

And in order that this process of selection and elimination may take place, precise and detailed knowledge must have faded from the collective memory, and the blurred but exquisite outlines of a generalization must have been established.

We have just got to this point with the Victorian epoch. It has just got its vague and generalized *Stimmung*. We think as we look at Leech's drawings, or sit in a bead-work chair, of a life which was the perfect flower of bourgeoisie. The aristocracy with their odd irregular ways, the Meredith heroines and heroes, are away in the background; *the* Victorian life is of the upper bourgeoisie. It is immensely leisured, untroubled by social problems, unblushingly sentimental, impenitently unintellectual, and devoted to sport. The women are exquisitely trained to their social functions; they respond unfailingly to every sentimental appeal; they are beautifully ill-informed, and yet yearning for instruction; they have adorable tempers and are ever so mildly mischievous. The men can afford, without fear of impish criticism, to flaunt their whiskers in the sea breeze, and to expatiate on their contempt for everything that is not correct.

Here, I suppose, is something like the outline of that generalized historical fancy that by now emanates so fragrantly from the marble inlaid tables and the bead-work screens of the period. How charming and how false it is, one sees at once when one reflects that we imagine the Victorians forever playing croquet without ever losing their tempers.

It is evident, then, that we have just arrived at the point where our ignorance of life in the Victorian period is such as to allow the incurable optimism of memory to build a quite peculiar little earthly paradise out of the boredoms, the snobberies, the cruel repressions, the mean calculations, and rapacious speculations of the mid-nineteenth century. Go a little later, and the imagination is hopelessly hampered by familiarity with the facts of life which the roseate mist has not yet begun to transmute. But let those of us who are hard at work collecting Victorian paper-weights, stuffed humming birds, and wax flowers reflect that our successors will be able to create quite as amusing and wonderful interiors out of the black wood cabinets and 'æsthetic' crewel-work of the eighties. They will not be able to do this until they have constructed the appropriate social picture, the outlines of which we cannot dimly conceive. We have at this moment no inkling of the kind of lies they will invent about the eighties to amuse themselves; we only know that when the time comes the legend will have taken shape, and that, from that moment on, the objects of the time will have the property of emanation.

So far it has been unnecessary even to consider whether the objects of the Victorian period are works of art or

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not; all that is necessary is that they should have some margin of freedom from utility, some scope for the fancy of their creators. And the Victorian epoch is, I think, unusually rich in its capacity for emanation, for it was the great period of *fancy work*. As the age-long traditions of craftsmanship and structural design, which had lingered on from the Middle Ages, finally faded out under the impact, of the new industrialism, the amateur stepped in, his brain teeming with fancies. Craftsmanship was dead, the craftsman replaced either by the machine or by a purely servile and mechanical human being, a man without tradition, without ideas of his own, who was ready to accomplish whatever caprices the amateur or the artist might set him to. It was an age of invention and experiment, an age of wildly irresponsible frivolity, curiosity, and sentimentality. To gratify sentiment, nature was opposed to the hampering conventions of art; to gratify fatuous curiosity, the most improbable and ill-suited materials conceivable were used. What they call in France *le style coco* is exactly expressive of this. A drawing of a pheasant is colored by cutting up little pieces of real pheasant's feathers and sticking them on in the appropriate places. Realistic flowers are made out of shells glued together, or, with less of the pleasant shock of the unexpected, out of wax or spun glass. They experiment in color, using the new results of chemistry boldly, greens from arsenic, magenta and maroons from coal-tar, with results sometimes happy, sometimes disastrous; but always we feel behind everything the capricious fancy of the amateur with his desire to contribute by some joke or conjuring trick to the social amenities. The general groundwork of design, so far as any tradition remains at all, is a kind of bastard baroque passing at times into a flimsy caricature of rococo, but almost always so overlaid and transfigured by the fancies of the amateur as to be hardly recognizable, and yet all, by now, so richly redolent of its social legend as to have become a genuine style.

There is reason enough, then, why we should amuse ourselves by collecting Victorian objects of art, or at least those of us who have the special social-historical sensibility highly developed. But so curiously intertwisted are our emotions that we are always apt to put a wrong label on them, and the label 'beauty' comes curiously handy for almost any of the more spiritual and disinterested feelings. Certain it is that the use of material at this period seems to be less discriminating, and the sense of quality feebler, than at any previous period of the world's history, at all events since Roman times — Pompeii, by the by, was a thoroughly Victorian city. The sense of design was also chaotically free from all the limitations of purpose and material, and I doubt if it attained to that perfect abstract sense of harmony which might justify any disregard of those conditions. No, on the whole it will be better to recognize fully how endearing, how fancy-free, how richly evocative are the objects of the Victorian period than to trouble our heads about their æsthetic value.

The discovery of Victorian art is due to a few enterprising and original artists. In some future article I hope to show why it is to the artist rather than to the collector that we always owe such discoveries, and also why artists are of all people the most indifferent to the æsthetic value of the objects they recommend to our admiration.

The Athenæum

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PRISONER OF THE SPARTACANS

THE ADVENTURES OF A BAVARIAN HOSTAGE

BY KURT SCHMIDT

IMMEDIATELY after my arrest, I was hurried to the great school building of the Luitpold Gymnasium, and held there as a hostage.

It is about four in the afternoon. Together with four other hostages, who, like myself, were dragged from their beds after midnight, I enter a class room lighted by a dim gas lamp. There are eighteen or twenty beds, most of them placed in pairs as they are in barracks. In addition, the furniture consists of three round porch tables and ten chairs, part of which are broken. The air is hot, smoky, and dusty. Around a table near the door sit four guards with red arm-bands and two others are standing near by. All have rifles in their hands. Most of them wear uniforms, but some are in civilian clothing. On the beds lie men sleeping and snoring. On one bed sits a young intelligent-looking soldier with a very red countenance. Behind him, at one of the round tables, is a young aviator, whose left eye is blackened as by a tremendous fist blow.

We five hostages sit down in the chairs that are not occupied, and try to sleep. We are forbidden to converse. However, the guards talk freely among themselves.

One of the workingmen with a red arm-band and a round black hat, who is standing at the door says, 'These workmen are all cowards. Twenty-seven of them remained in the factory to guard it as if there were anything to guard. I am the only one that reported here, and I shall be on duty twelve hours between yesterday noon and to-day noon.'

The soldier with the red face interrupted: 'To-morrow is the first. Are we going to get our pay, or will the White Guards shoot us first? They shot old men and children at Starnberg. They shot twenty of us whom they had captured at Grümwald. All they did was to stand them up against a tree and shoot them. The bloodhounds, they'll pay for it! We'll not leave one of their men alive if we capture them, the scoundrels! Noske has offered a reward of fifty marks for everyone of our leaders and thirty marks for every Red soldier. Ha! Ha! Our heads are worth thirty marks and those people call themselves workingmen, who shoot at their fellow workingmen for thirty or fifty marks!' (All the man's statements were false.)

Finally morning comes. The gas-light is extinguished. A little Red Guard, whose dialect indicates that he is a Saxon, with little malicious eyes and long blond hair cut in the Russian fashion, shouts, 'Where are the two Prussian bloodhounds, the dragoon of the guards and the others? Out with you, you swine, you scoundrels!'

Two powerful, vigorous men in long cavalry coats rise from one of the beds. The first is very young, perhaps

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nineteen years old, with a chubby, good-natured peasant countenance. The other has a heavy blond moustache and looks like the peasant he says he is, with a woman and four children at home.

The Saxon forces the young cavalryman, with a torrent of abuse, to leave the room. The poor chap endures this flood of insult in silence and complies obediently with every order. He takes a broom and begins to sweep. Thereupon the little Saxon leaps at him, hits him in the nose so that he bleeds, and shouts, 'You swine! don't you know you must sprinkle first?' Suppressing his tears, the prisoner wipes the blood from his nose with his dirty hands, gets a basin of water and sprinkles, then quickly returns, the Saxon abusing him all the time, saying, 'You scoundrel, you'll soon be lined up against the wall and shot!'

Other Red soldiers express their contempt for the second cavalryman of the national forces. 'How can an old man be such a fool as to sell himself for money to shoot his brothers?'

Thereupon a pale young Munich Red Guard, with a black goatee, begins to talk. He had been regarding with particular interest the nineteen-year old slender soldier, who first sat on the bed and now on a table, his head upon his hands, and had fallen asleep. 'Comrade, you'll sleep away all your sense. This man stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the field, and now he has become a spy for the Noske dogs and wants to betray us, his old comrades!'

A political discussion is going on at the sentry's table. 'Even Eisner was not quite reliable. He was a good man, but after all he kept helping the bourgeoisie.' That was the judgment of a young Red Guard upon the once deified leader of the Independents. Another man contradicted him violently, but the first stuck to his opinion. 'It is just as I tell you; everybody says it.'

'Yes, everyone who has no more brains than you.'

One man after another rises from the beds. 'Don't act as if you all had uneasy consciences.'

To judge by his speech, appearance, and manner, this speaker was a well-fed former sergeant from Berlin. He addressed the words to his companion, a great, slender, sallow man, with a beardless face that had been unshaven for several days. He was wearing a brown suit crumpled up from lying on the straw bed, and silk socks and patent-leather shoes. He wore no collar and his shirt was open at the throat.

This man replied, 'I've been in the movement from the beginning, and have done as much for it as the people who have shut us up here.'

The two are Communists who would not submit to the new masters. The plump Berliner made a careful toilet. After he had washed himself, he carefully brushed his thin blond hair before a pocket-glass, put on a collar that was badly soiled during his long confinement, and pulled on a gray jacket.

On one of the other beds near a window lay a young slender fellow with great horn spectacles. He wore a dark ragged suit, out at the elbow. This is the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who had been mistakenly taken for a son of the ruling prince. Another prisoner, a police official, states that he has been under arrest since Sunday night. For the first day and night he was kept in a damp, cold cellar, and is now glad to be in a warm room and to have a bed to sleep on.

It is now six o'clock. The two cavalrymen must go and get breakfast, accompanied by a Red Guard. It con-

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sists of a big pot of coffee and thick slices of bread. The only drinking cups are dirty tin soup plates, and the coffee is dealt out in a beer glass. Each prisoner gets a big piece of bread and as much coffee as he wants. With the bread a few spoonfuls of blueberry marmalade are served.

After breakfast an investigating committee appears. There is an educated gentleman in uniform, with a smoothly shaved countenance and carefully combed black hair. He is accompanied by a civilian. They ask the young slender soldier, whom they arrested as he was coming to Munich in an automobile, how strong the Prussian forces are and what their position is. The young man replied with reserve. He belonged to the people's guard organized at Regenberg, and is not an officer. The officer's license taken with him was not his own. All he knows is that troops have arrived from the north in armored trains. How many there are and where they are located, he cannot say.

'And how was it with the false stamps?'

They addressed these words to a gentleman about fifty years old, in a tourist's suit with knee breeches and long stockings. This and another young man belonged to a *Turnverein* in whose quarters forged stamps of the Soviet government were found. They insist upon their innocence.

New sentries bring a circular and read, 'The Noske troops from Prussia are at the gates of the city. They have set a price on the heads of the Red Guards.'

This is the signal for a bitter storm of abuse for the 'Noske bloodhounds.' An excited sentry, with a long pointed nose, is especially violent. 'We shall all be shot. Every Red Guard and every worker caught with weapons in his hands is to be shot by the Prussians; but they have n't got us yet. We will sell our lives dearly. We shall not surrender anybody, and if the Soviets surrender, we'll fight to the last man; but before that we'll shoot everyone who opposes us. For every Red Guard we'll put twenty bourgeoisie up to the wall and shoot them down. We still have the power. If we are to be defeated, we shall be the last to die. They can kill us, but they cannot kill our cause. That will live. Then it will go badly with the White Guard and the bourgeoisie; but naturally we shoot only guilty people. We are no brutal beasts like the White Guards. We are just. We hold an investigation first. We do not atack the innocent. The Red soldier would n't do that, but a man who has fought against us must know what he has done. You two Noske dogs (addressing himself to the two Prussian cavalrymen), you'll soon get what's coming to you.'

The time passes slowly. The injunction of silence, which was imposed upon us when we entered the room, is tacitly lifted.

At one of the sentry tables a little civilian, who looks like a Slav and wears the sign of the Red Cross on his coat lapel, tells how he fought for the Bolsheviki in Moscow and Petrograd.

The Prince, the parlor Communist, and the fat Berlin fellow sit down to a game of cards.

Two new prisoners are brought in. They have just been seized on the street. One is a boy about twenty years old, with a bright velvet hat, who trembles all over, and the other a man in middle life. The first is alleged to have said when he read the latest proclamation of the Soviet, to the effect that the White prisoners would be shot, that he could not believe it. Thereupon, he was arrested

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on the spot, although he showed that he was a member of a peasant council and accordingly a supporter of the Soviet government. The other had picked up a handbill dropped by an aviator from Augsburg and concealed it, to give it to a friend who was collecting handbills.

About ten o'clock all the prisoners from our room were taken into the courtyard of the school building, where we were forced to look on while the two cavalrymen were lined up against the wall that ran along the side of the court, and shot by a volley fired by some twenty Red Guards. One seemed to be killed at once; the other moved an arm a little after falling. For that reason some more shots were fired at him. Then the murderers stepped up to their victims, to see if they were dead. They shot one of them once again from the immediate vicinity, as he seemed to give some signs of life.

We watch while the corpses are taken to a little shed to the left of the place where the murder occurred, and note that one of our group, a quiet soldier, whom I had not observed before, has suffered a nerve shock and collapses in front of us. Red soldiers carry him up to the prison chamber, and bring a woman, who apparently was in the vicinity, and who, we are informed, is to look after him.

When this horrible spectacle was over, we were taken to the very cold gymnasium, where a great heap of potatoes was piled in a corner. They gave us knives and told us to peel the potatoes and to cut them in slices into a huge kettle. This kept us busy until about half-past eleven, by which time we had filled the kettle more than half full. We were then taken back to our prison room, where a new prisoner, an old gentleman with a white goatee, the painter, Professor Berger, had meantime been brought. He was arrested on the street for tearing down a proclamation of the Soviet. He is greatly disturbed about his wife, who will not know where he is, because he was arrested on the street and brought at once to prison.

We are not given the potato soup for which we peeled potatoes for our midday meal, but rice soup with canned beef. In addition, each one gets an immense piece of commissary bread. After eating, the guards smoke cigarettes and cigars. I inquire whether I cannot buy a cigar, and am told that they are commandeered cigars which cannot be sold. However, the Slav from Moscow, after informing me of this, promptly gives me one.

Soon after luncheon one of my fellow prisoners is liberated. As he leaves, I beg him to tell my wife where I am and to do what he can to secure my freedom.

During the afternoon other prisoners who have been arrested are brought in. The first is a sergeant with gold eyeglasses, who is handed over by two workers, who have taken him on the public street because he still wore insignia on his collar.

'Comrade, how did you happen to have this insignia?' inquired one of the workers.

'I have served honorably in the army.'

'Don't you know that only those men are promoted in the army who have abused their comrades?'

'No, that's not true.'

'Do you know whom you are talking to? I served four years in the army.'

This conversation was repeated with variations six or seven times, before the man who brought the prisoner in finally left the room. Then came a young civilian with an iron cross, alleged to have been in telephone com-

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munication with government troops — something that he vigorously denied.

The investigations follow each other rapidly. Some are held in our room and others in an office on the first floor. About three o'clock I am called, and taken down to the office. The city commander had inquired by telephone if I was there. They said I was, and that ended the matter for the time being. I take the inquiry as a sign that my released fellow prisoner had begun to do something for me, and that someone at headquarters had got interested. In addition, I had requested the black-haired educated man, who was in charge of the investigation, to notify my wife, and he had assured me a little later that he had done so.

Above, in the detention room, the sentries distribute books from the school library to the prisoners. 'Would the gentlemen like something to read?' I take a volume of Herodotus and read how the Medes, after a period of anarchy, restored their king.

My reading was interrupted by the entrance of a man who asked for Professor Berger. This man was formerly an assistant salesman in a delicatessen shop, and had even served Mr. Berger and his wife there. He now has a business in Müller Street and had chanced to see the arrest of Mr. Berger. He informed his wife, and now brings the old gentleman eggs, bread, and warm soup in a thermos bottle. Mr. Berger sends word to his wife that he had had a good meal that noon; that he is in good company; and that he will keep the food until evening, and that she need not worry about him.

When the kindly messenger had left, the black-haired man and the civilians from the office presented themselves again and took the names of nine of the prisoners on a sheet of paper. These nine were to be heard first. Among them were Mr. Berger, the police official, and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. The fate of the young automobile driver from Regensberg and the aviator appeared to have been settled already. They were taken below. The police official speedily returned, sat down on a bed in the corner and began to weep. 'Ah! it is so horrible I can't describe it! If you could just see into my soul.' That is all that he could reply to the questions of his sympathetic fellow prisoners.

A Red Guard sought to comfort him. 'Nothing will happen to you; you can be at rest.'

Are the others lost, or only some of them? Only the nine, or everyone?

As a matter of fact, the police official was soon after released.

But that was merely the signal for the worst of all. The school-bell began to sound an alarm. One heard the sound of voices and commands in the courtyard of the school; then one volley after another. They had placed the prisoners, innocent or guilty, up against the wall, one after another, and shot them down as reprisals for twenty Red Guards who were alleged to have been shot at Grümwald by the government troops — a rumor that was later proved to be false. This horrible massacre kept up until five o'clock. While the volleys kept crashing in the court below and the man with the nervous shock had one crisis after another on his bed, a new prisoner in the room kept declaiming unceasingly, 'I am a Communist, gentlemen; I am a Bolshevik. I am in favor of the Soviet Republic. I am only opposed to having certain individuals utilize the opportunity to benefit themselves.'

He kept repeating these sentences with the same identical words over and over, until the fat Berlin fellow vigorously protested, saying, 'Be quiet

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a moment! They are shooting people down below.'

Suddenly it was perfectly still in the room. The orator sat down on a bed, and suddenly fell asleep half-sitting, half-lying back. The others still in the chamber above were preparing for speedy death themselves.

The black-haired man comes in once more. Apparently he is profoundly agitated. He tells us that we will not have any more investigations that day.

'Is it true that Levien is now down there?' asks the Berliner.

The black-haired man says, 'Yes.'

'Then it's all right,' turning to the communist with the patent-leather shoes — 'then nothing will happen to us.' Levien, who had these others murdered or knew of the murders and did not prevent them, is accordingly the last hope of these gentlemen.

It is six o'clock in the evening. The old gentleman with spectacles and an umbrella silently enters the room and sits in a chair without taking off his overcoat, supporting his hands on his umbrella. The sentries bring in our supper. It is bread, with a huge piece of Liptau cheese and tea. We are told that if we wanted to have food brought from home, they would willingly take a message for us. We can also write them to visit us, since we are permitted to have visitors now. It was proposed to lighten our last hours. Those who have relatives in Munich write letters. Meanwhile the Berlin chap walks about the room eating his bread, and as he passes, takes one egg after another of the supper left behind by Professor Berger. Now and then he murmurs to himself, 'So Levien is now there. Then it's all right.'

Two members of the Red Guard come in and carry away the man with the nervous shock. He is to be taken to a hospital. His wife, who has been with him the whole afternoon, sighs with relief and accompanies him.

Now the black-haired man comes to the door and speaks my name and a few words which I do not understand. I rise for my last journey, and reach my hand in adieu to a fellow prisoner. He says that I did not understand what was said; that I am to be liberated. Shaking his hand, with a wish that we may soon meet again in liberty, I take my leave of my fellow sufferers. One gives me a message to his family, and I am released, to be greeted at the entrance of the building by my wife, who, supported by several loyal friends and favored by a number of remarkably happy circumstances, has secured my liberation.

The Münchener Neueste Nachrichten

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THE SMELL OF FLOWERS

BY EDMUND CANDLER

It was a pleasant fancy of the ancients that the smell was the soul of a flower. Our sense of beauty in a plant, Ruskin believed, arises from our unconscious sympathy with its happiness. If this is so, or if fragrance is the language, if not the spirit, of the plant, then wallflowers, roses, lilacs, violets, meadowsweet, rosemary, and mignonette are the happiest, and, therefore, the most beautiful, of English flowers.

But to the genuine lover of herbs every individual smell, however sharp or eccentric, is grateful, since it is the expression of the mood or character of the plant. The wholesome appetite delights in acrid, pungent exhalations only in a less degree than in dainty and subtle scents. There is nothing gross or offensive in the smell of any English flower, not even in the houndstongue which reeks of mice and 'cureth the rancke and rammish odour of the body,' or in the greater celandine whose orange-yellow juice, especially when the flower has lost its freshness, has an ancient fishlike savor, or in the hot, dusty, pungent-smelling black horehound of the lanes. To anyone genuinely curious in God's handiwork, and, therefore, tolerant and understanding with regard to it, these plants are as agreeable in their place as rosemary or stock. As a general rule the more subtle the smell of a flower the greater its attraction, and the more mysterious the suggestion of individuality in the plant. There is an order of sweet smells, and you will find them in nearly every class, which, Bacon tells us, 'have joined with them some *earthy* or *crude* odours, and at some distance the sweet which is the more Spirituall, is Perceived, and the earthy reacheth not so farre.' It is, perhaps, to this conflict of appeals that flowers like the rosemary, meadowsweet, fleabane, marjoram, and thyme owe the secret of their peculiar attraction.

In the part of his *Natural History* which deals with flowers, Bacon discusses 'smells and other odours,' and with much grace and seriousness adopts the metaphor in which the scent is spoken of as the spirit of the flower. '*Sweet smells*,' he says, 'are more forcible in Dry *substances*, when they are *Broken*, for there is a greater emission of the *Spirit* when Way is made.'

Then with, a touch of contradiction, 'Flowers Pressed or Beaten do loose the Freshnesse and Sweetnesse of their *Odour*. The *Cause* is, for that when they are *Crushed*, the grosser and more *Earthy Spirit* cometh out with the Finer and troubleth it.'

Many and ingenious are the generalizations that he adduces to explain the origin and degree of smells: why, for instance, the blossoms of trees that are white, as cherries, pears, plums, are 'commonly inodorate,' whereas those of apples, crabs, almonds, peaches, which are 'blushy,' smell sweet; and why it is that 'Rew doth prosper much and becommeth stronger if it be set by a Figge-Tree.' The cause of the scentlessness of white-flowering fruit trees is that 'the Substance that maketh the *Flower*, is

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of the thinnest and finest of the *Plant;* which also maketh Flowers to be of so dainty *colours*. And if it bee too sparing and Thinne, it attaineth no strength of Odour; except it be in such *Plants* as are very succulent.' As to the rue's debt to the 'Figge-Tree' Bacon conceives that it is 'not by *Reason* of Friendship, but by etraction of a contrarie Juyce: the one drawing Juyce fit to result Sweet, the other bitter. So the ancients have set down likewise that a *Rose* set by a *Garlick* is sweeter; Whereas likewise may be, because the more Fetide Juyce of the *Earth* goeth into the *Garlick;* And the more odorate into the Rose.'

Farmers will smile at Bacon's analogy of the cornflower. Arguing on the same principle of the 'etraction of contrarie juyces,' he implies that crops gain by the presence of certain weeds, more especially of the cornflowers, 'which come seldom or never in other places, unlesse they be set, but only amongst corne.' The deductions of these old naturalists are as ingenious as the reasoning of the subliminal consciousness in dreams, which with little or no data for guidance reconciles inconsistencies, and discovers the most plausible syllogisms out of the nonsensical material it is given to work upon and believes in them, until the supraliminal consciousness emerges and takes over charge. If Bacon and Darwin had been of the same generation and in possession of the same data the *Natural History* of Bacon might have been the subliminal output of Darwin. Yet to an intelligent mind, to whom the book of Nature had been opened for the first time, Darwin would seem the bigger dreamer. What would the sage of Elizabeth's time have thought if he had been told that women and flowers unconsciously employ the same arts for the same ends, that *Lychnis vespertina* is white in order to be distinguished by moths at night, and that it opens its perfumery a few minutes after half-past six in the evening to attract the particular class of insect that is useful to it in the process of fertilization?

In the daytime the white campion emits no scent. The odor and smell of flowers have been developed in reference to the visits of insects; and as this species is fertilized by moths, fragrance is as unnecessary to it in the sunlight as bright colors. Darwin discovered that it is an invariable rule that when a flower is fertilized by the wind it never has a gayly-colored corolla. From a superficial view there is something almost sordid in this economy; it detracts from one's sense of the happy carelessness of Nature to learn that flowers which do not need the help of insects have no color to speak of and little scent, like dowdy women who have discovered that there is no point in being attractive. Poets and sensitive youths may regret this first introduction to the laws of commerce and traffic in Nature; yet, if it is a shock to find that lilies toil and spin after all, that fragrance, or color, or both, are necessary to a plant that is incapable of fertilizing itself, and that bees and flowers are exacting in their system of exchange, all this is in keeping with the pathetic fallacy of the poet, who sees in universal Nature a kind of chorus in sympathy with his own happiness or distress. The meaning and purpose behind beauty only add to its mystery, and to the sense of our kinship with earth. We think we have discovered why *Lychnis vespertina* is white, and *Lychnis diurna* red, why the foxglove has a bag, and a thousand other adaptations of plants to the visits of insects; but the waylaying seductiveness of

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flowers does not in the least explain the dainty and exquisite raiment of the insects that visit them, the bars of the Red Admiral, or the purpose of those eyes that peep at one so intelligently from the back of the folded wing of the Meadow Brown. After all, there is nothing in these negotiations between plants and insects to destroy Wordsworth's picture in which 'every flower enjoys the air it breathes.'

Sweet-scented flowers give the liveliest impression of enjoyment; a gamut of happiness ranging from a modest gratitude in the wallflower to ecstasy in the rose. The wallflower has a certain quality of happiness which is all its own, a ripe and virginal content springing out of the sympathy and sweetness of its nature; and its gentleness is enhanced by the modest beauty of its apparel. Whenever one thinks of spring, one remembers the lovely brown dappled velvety flower that throws its warm fragrance across the garden path. It is the favorite of cottagers and royal personages. Maeterlinck describes it as 'dressed like the servant of the village priest.' But his rhapsody on the wallflower is a little too precious and literary for a response to so frank and ingenious an appeal. One almost prefers the spontaneity of Pyecraft: ''Ow 'eavenly that lilac did smell on top of that first down, stinkin' its blossomin' little heart out.'

The Cruciferæ are not generally favored with sweet scents, though in masses, as in a mustard field, they attain a rich fragrance. The wallflower, stock, and Hesperis are exceptions to the general scentlessness of the order, and they make good, in the same rich measure as the pink and one or two of the Lychnis family, in the case of Caryophyllaceæ, which are otherwise not very communicative, or lavish of themselves, in respect to fragrance or color. The Caryophyllaceæ, or pink family, when they smell at all, generally have a subtle scent as the cuckoo-flower which has given Tennyson a simile:

> Your melancholy sweet and frail
> As perfume of the cuckoo-flower.

The violet, rose, and mignonette are of the strong sweet and modest order of smells. The wild rose and sweetbriar are redolent of midsummer. They overhang the deep lanes and mingle their fragrance with the hay, and late in the evening scatter their perfume over the meadows,

> where in peace
> The lazy cows wrench many a scent flower
> Robbing the golden market of the bees.

The wild rose is the cleanest-smelling flower in the world; it exhales the soul of the dew; and its very diseases, as in the robin's pincushion, are beautiful.

It was the mignonette which almost seduced from piety Anatole France's Curé of the Bocage, who feared beauty even in flowers. He banished all blossoms from his presbytery garden save these modest ones, and had 'so little distrust of his mignonette, that he would often in passing pick a spray and inhale its fragrance for a long time.' The man of God had succeeded in guarding his eyes, but had left his nostrils undefended, and so the devil, as it were, 'caught him by the nose.'

The wild mignonette has no scent, and the garden one apparently had not been introduced in Gerard's time. He only mentions two species of *reseda;* one of them, *Reseda pliny*, the Italian rocket, he describes as 'of a naughty savour or smell.'

One cannot imagine a love scene by a river, in which meadowsweet does not enter in. We smell it in the Ferdinand and Miranda scene in the first

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chapter of *Richard Feverel*. In late July the fragrance of the hay, mingled with the warm woody almond-like scent of the meadowsweet, fills the whole valley. In August, the reek of the dykes is of another order — an aromatic blend of mint and fleabane which will grow stronger as the month advances. It exudes the soul of the fens.

From midsummer on, the smell of the stream itself is delicious. There is an essential river smell common to all flowing water. You catch a breath of it even in the turbid eastern streams of the Ganges and Euphrates; it is perceptible in the fresh, sealike fragrance of the Rhone; it is faint, but distinguishable, in racing trout streams, like the Dart, Torridge, and Monnow; but it is the sluggish Norfolk rivers that distill the full essence of it in all its luxury of rankness. One must go to the Ant or Waveney

> To smell the thrilling sweet and rotten,
> Unforgettable, unforgotten
> River-smell, and hear the breeze
> Sobbing in the little trees.

How sweetly it mingles with the savor of flour in the old mill — an exhalation to make the blind see, or the deaf hear running water. From the hole upstream you may carry the smell of the pool home with you in the seed-pod of a single yellow water-lily. In the shallows, where the stream is strangled with rank, umbelliferous weed, sium, and œnanthe, stacked and rotting in the sun, you have the true distillation. There is a tribal smell common to every member of this order, exuding with subtle variation from leaf and stalk and flower. The crushed sheep's parsley leaf gives out the essential fragrance of green shade; the sium and œnanthe the perfume of the stream. No one who has lived long in parched lands can be indifferent to this umbelliferous smell. The soul of pastures dwells in it, and of shady lanes. One carries away something of it in one's mind whenever one has lain under the shadow of a tall hawthorn or elder by the edge of the hay or the corn; and it seems only natural that every species of this order should in its form present a little image of shade. Angelica, hemlock, hog-weed must stand for many small creatures in the nature of trees.

The dry umbelliferæ of the uplands, — spignel, cicely, chervil, and the like — have a kindred smell, pleasant enough, though less homely and soothing and less suggestive of shade. It is strong in the wild celery, parsley, parsnip, and carrot — the plant which delights children by the small bird's-nest formed by its rays arching over when in fruit; but it is most eccentric and assertive in the fennel, with its mixed reek of aniseed, licorice, and Sunlight soap. Gerard describes a species of 'stinking carrot.'

> These pernicious plants delight in stony hills and mountains and they are strangers in England. . . . The root is of a most bitter, sharpe, and lothsome taste and smell insomuch that if a man do stand where the wind doth blow from the plant the aire doth exulcerate and blister the face and every other bare and naked place that may be subject to his venomous blast and poisonous quality.

In most of the umbelliferæ you find the same wholesome reek in flowers, leaf, and stem. This is a generous distribution; for the daintiest smells of flowers, Bacon tells us,

> are out of those Plants, whose *leaves smell* not; as Violets, Roses, Wallflowers, Gilly-flowers, Pincks, Woodbines, Vine-flowers, Apple-Bloomes, Lime-Tree Bloomes, Beane-Bloomes, etc. The cause is, for that where there is Heat and strength in the *Plant*, to make the *Leaves Odorate*, then the *Smell* of the *Flower* is rather Evanide and Weaker, than that of the *Leaves;* As it is in Rose-Mary Flowers, Lavender

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Flowers and Sweet-Briar Roses. But where there is less Heat, there the Spirit of the Plant, is disgested and refined, and severed from the Grosser Juyce, in the efforescence and not before.

In some plants like the elder the leaf and flowers have different smells; in others the same smell pervades the whole plant. If you gather and crush a leaf of meadowsweet in April, it will exhale something of the woody perfume of the blossom in June. Many of the strong-smelling composites preserve all their fragrance in the flower. The chrysanthemum family, however, are, as a rule, exceptions, and exude an identical smell in leaves and blossoms. This is the basic tribal smell of the order, or as near it as may be. It is richest, perhaps, in the feverfew, camomile, and fleabane, and rankest, though by no means unpleasant, in artemisia (wormwood) — a genus which scents whole mountain ranges. The tall lush artemisia contributes most to the smell of Himalayan valleys, whether damp or dry; while southernwood, a smaller, drier species, more frequent as one approaches the watershed, reeks at its best, or worst, like an octogenarian Tibetan. In Great Britain the tansy has the most potent smell of the tribe; with the exception of the fennel and the black horehound, it is the most powerful smelling of British plants. It has the strength of spirit one might expect from its tight, compact, button-like flowers — a truly hardy exhalation.

Some of the August and September composites have strong savors. The corn sow-thistle, when warm in the sun, has a suspicion of the chrysanthemum smell; achillea, the milfoil, has a delightfully homely blend of it. The reek of the camomile is pleasantly familiar in the harvest fields, though a weed execrated by farmers. Spenser in his 'Muiopotmos' speaks of the flower with evident affection as 'the breathfull chamomill.' Some of the thistles are sweet-scented. The nodding, or musk, thistle has a perfume appropriate to a flower of its beauty. The carline, like the everlasting, has the dry fragrance you would expect from its smooth, juiceless, straw-colored bracts — an almost indoor smell. The fleabane and the ploughman's spikenard each have a smell that is strong and subtle at the same time. They belong to the order of smells noted by Bacon which have some earthy or crude odors joined with them.

The labiates have a southern, or rather an English midsummer, smell, the plain homely dead-nettle smell of an English lane. A blind man, familiar with herbs, could always detect a labiate by its scent. The tribal smell is strongest in stachys and ballota, most pungent in the mint and sage, earthiest in the ground-ivy, sweetest in lavender, marjoram, basil, and thyme. Thyme, no doubt, is the favorite of the order, and the best loved of poets. It gave the flavor to the honey of Hymettus; one smells it when one thinks of a *Midsummer Night's Dream;* and it has passed into the soul of the Sussex downs, where —

> No tattered herbage tells
> Which way the season flies,
> Only our close-bit thyme that smells.
> Like dawn in Paradise.

The possessive pronoun here is fit and eloquent. The thyme is the pick of the labiates, and they are a very English order, for we like to think of them as such on account of their homely associations. Their scent pervades our ditches, banks, and hedgerows. The hedgerow smell is a distillation of catmint, dead-nettle, horehound, and woundwort. The ground-ivy belongs to the small band that makes us

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gratefully sensible of spring. Early in April the green drives and open spaces in the woods are carpeted with its pleasant acrid-smelling leaves.

> Unfooted was the ground-ivy blue
> Whose rustic shrewd odour allures
> In Spring's fresh of morning.

Meredith was probably the first poet to describe this hardy, humble plant. It adds a note of poignancy to his 'Faith on Trial'; and Masefield has brought it in with agreeable realism in his 'Daffodil Fields.'

> The bruised ground-ivy gave out earthy smell.

Teucrium, the wood sage, exudes a delightful smell of hops. An almost identical smell is rare in plants of so different a habit. The strangest instance of it is in the ground-pine, *Ajuga chamæpitys*, also a labiate, which resembles the cone of a fir and is the only flower of the order with a resinous pine-like scent. The reek of some of the stronger-smelling plants of the order is offensive to sensitive spirits, particularly that of *Ballota nigra*, the black horehound. The undiluted essence of the labiates, all the acridness and pungency of the class with none of the sweetness, is concentrated in this rank and hairy plant; but though plebeian in its properties, it belongs so essentially to the tribe, that no true lover of herbs can be offended by it.

The leisurely days of the cult of the herb, when homely aromatic scents were appreciated, have passed away. Rosemary, thyme, lavender, and sweet marjoram have given place to vulgar exotics. The carpet of sweet sedge, *Acorus calamus*, has disappeared from our cathedrals. Woodruff is no longer hung up in the churches. Gerard tells how it was dried and hung up in bundles 'where it doth very well attemper the aire, coole and make fresh the place to the delight and comfort of such as are therein.' The breath and spirit of a plant as God made it are more wholesome than the essence of distilled herbs. 'We call not men intemperate,' Aristotle said, 'so much with respect to the scents of roses or herb-perfumes as of ointments and condiments.' And Ruskin, commenting on the passage, says,

> Of scents artificially prepared the extreme desire is intemperance; but of natural and God-given scents, which take their part in the harmony of creation, there can hardly be intemperance: not that there is any absolute difference between the two kinds, but that these are likely to be received with gratitude and joyfulness rather than those; so that we despise the seeking of essences and unguents, but not the sowing of violets along our garden banks. But all things may be elevated by affection [he adds], as the spikenard of Mary, and in the Song of Solomon the myrrh upon the handles of the lock, and the sense of Isaac of the field-fragrance upon his son.

The smell of 'the field that the Lord hath blessed' was probably a distillation of hay, clover, beans, or mustard. We may be sure Esau did not smell of lilies. Modern taste, which prefers artificial or sophisticated smells, or cloying 'white smells' like the arum lily, magnolia, or that abomination frangipani, is degenerate. Bacon's affections in the way of smell were temperate and English. He preferred 'the coole and delicate spirits' of plants. 'Generally those *Smells* are more grateful where the *Degree* of Heat is small; or where the strength of the *Smell* is allayed. For these *things* do rather wooe the *Sense* than satiate it.' He disliked strong white smells. 'If the Plant bee of a nature to put forth *White Flowers* onely, and those not thinned or dry, they are commonly of rancke and fulsome smell; as *May-Flowers*, and *White Lilies*.'

It is agreeable to find the lily put

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in its place at such an early date in the literature of smells, though it is hard to forgive Bacon for ranking the May with it — the blossom which by love and tradition has chief place in the hearts of the English people. Yet the May is a flower of moods. Bacon may have slipped out of his study one morning to collect his last notes for his observations upon smells and found the blossom in an abnormal humor — a phase which he has unjustly perpetuated. Richard Jefferies has noted the uncertainty of the scent of the flower. 'Does the May bloom,' he asks, 'which is almost proverbial for its sweetness, occasionally turn sour, as it were, before a thunderstorm? Bushes covered with this flower certainly emit an unpleasant smell sometimes, quite distinct from the usual odour of the May.'

The peculiar distinctive smell of the hyacinth seems to evoke an equal amount of praise and detraction. It is a little sophisticated, but far from gross, in its fragrance. Gerard did not altogether approve of it; in his *Herball* it is described as 'a strong sweet smell somewhat stuffing the head'; and by Parkinson as 'a sweetish but heady scent.' Elizabeth of the German Garden thinks the smell of hyacinths (the garden variety) wanting in youth and chastity beside other flowers of the spring. 'A tulip,' she says, 'next to a hyacinth looks like a wholesome freshly-tubbed young girl beside a stout lady whose every movement weighs down the air with patchouli.'

Bacon seems to have had the best nose for a flower among the Elizabethans. Gerard is by no means catholic in his favors. The 'breathfull chamomill' of Spenser had for him 'a rank and naughty smell.' He tolerated the tansy, but some of the stronger-smelling sages were 'too vehement in their odour' for his liking. The violet was one of the few plants that moved him to eloquence.

> The mind [he says] conceiveth a certain pleasure and recreation by handling and smelling these odoriferous flowers. [And again] the recreation of the mind which is taken hereby (by violets) cannot be but very good and honest; for flowers through their beauty, variety of colour and exquisite forme, do bring to a liberall and gentle manly minde the remembrance of honestie, comelinesse and all kindes of vertues; for it would be an unseemly and filthy thing (as a certain wise man said) for him that doth looke upon and handle faire and beautiful things to have his mind not faire, but filthy and deformed.

Still, the true lover of flowers will always be attracted by smells 'that are stronge,' as old Bacon would say, 'and doe pull and vellicate the senses.' Melampus or the Arab physician, Kharshish, would have delighted in the hellebore and henbane. It is herbs of a rank individual smell that most crowd the mind with associations. Henbane reminds me of a mountain chalet at the foot of an interminable shale slope, where a peasant woman gave me a bowl of milk on one of the thirstiest mornings in my life. The flower grew by the midden that threatened to invade the chamber which the family shared with the cows. Fennel evokes a picture of red-tiled barns and tarred pig-styes and rabbit-hutches beside a pathway leading down through little fields over a cliff to the sea. I do not remember where these associations of the inward eye and the 'inward nose,' as Wordsworth might have called it, became wedded. It is difficult to remember smells when one is parted from the physical reminder of them; but visions are airily summoned up at the faintest aromatic suggestion. In the fertilization of memory, scents are the stamens, sight the pistil, of the flower. And this is the eternal theme

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of poets, the insinuating appeal that breathes in the exhalations of plants. In retrospective emotion smell is the strongest and the most provocative of the five senses. It is as subtle as music. The exile would lose half his homesickness if he were insensible to the smell of flowers.

Smells are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack;
They start those awful voices at night,
That whisper, 'Old man, come back.'

The Cornhill Magazine

That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the wattle at Lichtenberg
Riding in the rain.

I remember the effect on the Indians of the smell of the mimosa wafted across the stream from the tropical garden of the Arab port when they had come back into the palm zone after the scentless desert. It must have been as sweet to them as the smell of gorse to a gypsy out of prison.

MULLINS

BY A. A. MILNE

THERE are always bores in a mess, who want to talk about their adventures when you want to talk about yours. Mullins was as bad as any of them, but with this difference. The adventures of the others were adventures in search of the material: a petticoat, a golf ball, a gun emplacement. Mullins had only spiritual adventures. If, during those early days of training, he had fallen off the cliffs into the sea, he would have told you of his emotions on the way down, and said not a word of the splash at the bottom. Recovering in hospital, he would not have wondered whether he would always carry on his body the scars of the accident; he would have contemplated only the new scars on his soul. 'Do I look different?' he would have asked his nurse, quite seriously, his face swathed in bandages, and would have been surprised at her polite prevarication. What he would have meant would have been, 'Don't you understand that, as a result of this extraordinary experience, I am a finer Mullins altogether?'

This is not to say that he was indifferent to his personal appearance. He was very tall and thin, talked in a high voice, and walked with his head well back in the endeavor to balance a pair of glasses on a nose apparently not meant for glasses. Had he been indifferent to his appearance, he would have worn spectacles. Spectacles may or may not be ugly, but they would have hidden from you the essential Mullins. The essential Mullins, in a material world where people fight each other, and the short-sighted must suffer no handicap in the battle, could be expressed more clearly by pince-nez. So Mullins strode past you on the parade-ground, with his head in air; and if you did not realize at a glance all the astonishing things that he meant to himself, you did at least admit that he was an interesting-looking

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person. Which would have pleased him enormously to hear.

He went to France. He had often spoken of the changes in his mental and spiritual attitude which were likely to be caused by the battle-fields of France; but he had never wondered, as many so much less introspective have wondered, whether he would be afraid. He knew he would not be afraid, simply because whatever might come to him would only offer him yet another of those spiritual adventures for which he hungered. Death least of all he feared. For to a man like Mullins, whose every adventure is an adventure of the soul, the next world was simply an escape from the trammels of the body; a communion of spirits unfettered by spectacles and such-like matters, in which (I suspect) Mullins would do most of the communing.

But he had another reason for looking upon death with a kindly eye. He was already in communication with many of those who had begun the adventure of the next world. In his actions in this world he was influenced by what they of the next world told him (indeed, that is my story, as will be seen), and now he was eager to join them, and himself to get to that great work of helping and guiding the earth-bound mortals whom he had left behind, but of whom he had never quite been one.

All this sounds strange, and, perhaps, a little uncanny, but it was Mullins. If I say simply that he was a Spiritualist, you will think of table-rappings and other stupidities, and do him an injustice. If I say that he was just a Christian who really believed all that the other Christians profess, I may be nearer the truth; save that I do not know at all what his religion was. All I do know is that he believed the barrier between this world and the next to be a slight one, and was himself quite ready to pass it.

And, of course, still more ready to talk about it.

To be absolutely without fear is not the only virtue required of a company commander in France. Mullins was given his company, and then taken away from it. He disregarded the material too openly. He saw beyond the crown on his sergeant-major's arm into the blankness in his sergeant-major's soul, and preferred to consult his batman, whose arm was devoid of anything but wound stripes, but whose soul shone with crossed swords and stars. He was wrong about the sergeant-major, and wrong about the batman; and, of course, still more wrong about the proper duty of an officer. So he was taken from his company and made intelligence officer instead.

He did not mind. As intelligence officer he had much more scope. No soul is so clogged by the material as a company commander's, whose twin cares must ever be the stomachs and the feet of others. True, a company commander is the lord of his company mess, and nobody can stop him doing all the talking, whereas, the intelligence officer at the H.Q. mess must let the colonel get in a remark at times. But it must be remembered that the intelligence officer's duties will take him to every part of the line, and consequently into all four company messes; and that if one mess is temporarily alert, another may be in that peaceful state when the uninterrupted soliloquy of a soul contemplating itself is inexpressibly soothing.

But it was not all soliloquy, of course. He had his arguments with the unbelievers. The unbelievers were of two kinds: the materialists, who held that there was no life beyond the grave, and the religious, who held that there was such a life, and that we

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should know all about it one day, but certainly not to-day. All alike scouted his pretense that the spirits of the dead could and did communicate with the living. Mullins argued earnestly with them, but did not resent their attitude. They were just blind; they were waiting until he could open their eyes with the proof — possibly in this world, but more probably from that next world, when, as a spirit of the dead, he would have something to say to them.

It was after Mullins had been out a year, had won the Military Cross, and had shown himself as good an intelligence officer as he was a bad company commander, that he came into possession of the famous stick. A great friend of his had been killed, and Mullins, home on leave, had called on that friend's people. He had been asked to choose a memento of the dead man, and had chosen his stick — a short, heavy one, with plenty of weight in the head. During that night the dead man talked with Mullins, and told him how glad he was that Mullins had his stick. 'That stick will do great things for you,' he said; 'it will save the lives of many of your battalion.'

Mullins still had four days of leave; four days in which to tell everybody in London of this wonderful communication with the dead. Some, perhaps, believed; some smiled. Mullins himself was happy and excited. To the friends who saw him off, his last remark was, 'Look out for news of the old stick'; and he waved it gleefully at them. Two days later everybody in the battalion had heard that Mullins's new stick was going to save their lives, and had indicated that he was a silly ass. They also told him that he was just in time for the new push.

The battalion was held up, and resented it. The leading company on the left licked its wounds in a disused trench,— God knows what trench or whose, for this bit of country had been fought over, backward and forward, for two years,— and wondered what to do about it. A hundred and fifty yards away, a Boche machine gun was engaged in keeping their heads down for them. The company commander squinted up at it, and squinted again at his watch, and cursed all machine guns. Suppose they charged it? But a hundred and fifty yards was the devil of a way, and that damned machine gun had killed enough of them already. Suppose he sent a couple of men out to stalk it? Slow work, but — he looked at his watch again. Why the devil had this happened, when everything had been going so well before? And here they were — stuck — and seemed to have lost the swing of it. Momentum — that was the word — momentum all gone. Well, something would have to be done.

He looked along the trench, considering —

And on the extreme right of it a tall, thin figure emerged from the ruck, and hoisted itself leisurely over the top. Mullins. He carried no revolver. His tin hat was on the back of his head, his coat collar, for some reason, turned up. Both his hands were in his pockets, and in the crook of his left arm lay the famous stick.

With an air of pleasant briskness he walked toward the Boche machine gunner. He did not hurry, for this was not so much an operation against the enemy as a demonstration to unbelievers on the home front. Neither did he dawdle. He just went to the machine gun as in peace days he would have gone to the post on a fresh spring morning.

He had a hundred and fifty yards to go. From time to time his right hand came out of his pocket, fixed

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his glasses more firmly on his nose, and returned to his pocket again. Just in this way he must have walked out of the Great Court at Trinity to a lecture many, many times, hands in pockets, hunched shoulders, coat collar up, and gown or books tucked under the left arm. So he walked now — and still he was not hit.

I have tried to explain Mullins to you; I shall not try to explain that Boche machine gunner. He may have thought Mullins was coming to surrender. The astonishing spectacle of Mullins may have disturbed his aim. The numerous heads popping up to gape at the back view of Mullins may have kept him too busy to attend to Mullins — or there may have been other reasons. I do not know. At any rate, Mullins was not hit.

So Mullins walked up to the machine gunner. A yard away from him he took his right hand from his pocket, withdrew the stick from the crook of his left arm, and in a friendly way hit the machine gunner over the head with it. The man collapsed. Mullins picked him up by the collar, shook him to see if he was shamming, dropped him, replaced the stick in the crook of his left arm, fixed his glasses on his nose, took the man by the collar again, and started to drag him back to the British trench. Once or twice he got a little entangled between the stick, the prisoner, and the attention necessary for his glasses, hesitating between dropping the stick and fixing the glasses with his left hand, and dropping the prisoner and fixing them with his right. But in the end he arrived safely at the trench with all three possessions. Once there, he handed the prisoner over, and then stood beaming down at the company commander.

'Well,' he said, pushing his glasses firmly on to his nose, 'and what about the jolly old stick, *now?*'

If this were not a true story, I should say that Mullins got the Victoria Cross. Actually they gave him a bar to his Military Cross. Mullins, if he reads this, will recognize the incident, though he will protest that I have quite misunderstood his personality and have failed altogether to appreciate his spiritual attitude. Perhaps I have. A writer must be allowed his own way in these matters. We start with a fact or two, the impression of a face, and in a little while we do not know how much is reality and how much is our day-dream.

Yet, at least, he will admit that I have helped to open the eyes of the blind. I have put on record the 'proof' for which the unbelievers have been waiting.

But, for myself, I neither believe nor disbelieve. All I say is that, if to believe is to be as fearless as Mullins, I could wish that I believed.

Land and Water

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THE TYRANNY OF PROHIBITION

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK IN A SERIOUS MOOD

THE whole of North America, or all of it that lies between the Mexicans and the Esquimaux, is passing under a new tyranny. It is new, at least, in the sense that the particular form of it, under the name of Prohibition, is a thing hitherto unknown in the world. It is old in the sense that the evil that inspires it is that against which for ages the spirit of liberty has been in conflict.

It is time that people in England should have proper warning of the social catastrophe which has overwhelmed America. While there is yet time the danger should be averted. For the United States and Canada regret is too late. It is only too evident now that the proper time for protest and opposition was at the beginning of the insidious movement. But few people realized the power of fanaticism or the peculiar weaknesses of democratic rule upon which it fed. From the crusade of a despised minority, a mark for good-natured ridicule rather than fear, the prohibition movement became a vast continental propaganda, backed by unlimited money, engineered by organized hypocrisy. Under the stress of war it masqueraded as the crowning effort of patriotism. The war over, it sits enthroned as a social tyranny, backed by the full force of the law, the like of which has not been seen in English-speaking countries since the fires died out at Smithfield.

The precise legislative situation at the present moment is this. In the United States sixteen of the forty-eight states are 'bone-dry'; this means that in these states 'liquor' can neither be sold nor can it be brought in by the individual citizen from outside. Eighteen other states are 'dry'; in these no liquor can be sold, but it may be imported. In these states, Brother Stiggins, while deploring with uplifted hands and eyes the evils of the liquor traffic, can still order in a comfortable little keg from the outside. The other fourteen states are still 'wet.' In this category belong Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Louisiana, states typical of the old culture of the country; while, by a strange freak of psychology, the wilder and woolier of the states are found among the list of the dry. Oklahoma, the latest flower of the prairies, is dry as a bone. In Idaho, even the possession of 'liquor' in a private cellar is a crime. Nevada is as dry as its own desert. Moreover, even the 'wet' states are spotted over with the arid areas of 'local option' municipalities that have dried up of their own local volition. In Kentucky one hundred and seven counties out of one hundred and twenty are dry. California, spurning the pleasant vineyards of its hillsides, is half dry. Missouri announces itself as 'fifty-three per cent dry,' showing a majority, at least, on the side of virtue.

But all of this only represents the least part of the situation. When the nation sprang to arms in April, 1917, the prohibitionist sprang upon the platform. A War-Time Prohibition Act was passed through Congress

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making the whole country dry from July 1, 1919, till the demobilizing of the armies after the coming of peace. Finally, to crown the work, an amendment to the Federal constitution was proposed by the Congress by the necessary two thirds vote, and was passed into the State Legislatures for ratification. Under the law amendments need the sanction of two thirds of the State Legislatures. The necessary thirty-six states had ratified by January 20, 1919, and the amendment is to come into force on January 20, 1920. Its terms are complete and all-enveloping as the darkness of an eclipse

> After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from, the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited.

From this amendment there is no way out. A counter-amendment to abolish it would involve the action of both Houses of Congress, of thirty-six State Legislatures, each made up of two Houses. Such a concurrence is outside of the bounds of practical politics. The door is locked and the key is thrown away.

So much for the United States. A similar situation obtains in Canada. Here all of the nine Provinces have voted themselves dry. The dryness is actually in force in eight of them. The Province of Quebec, unable, in spite of its French population, to stand alone against the contagion of a continent, dried up on May 1 of 1919. Superimposed on the Provincial legislation is that of the Federal Government of the Dominion of Canada. Under the War Measures Act a Federal Order in Council prohibits all import and transportation of intoxicating liquor.

Here and there, indeed, the Canadian situation presents some redeeming features. Thus, Quebec is to hold a referendum as to whether the prohibition shall be total or shall permit the sale of thin beer and even thinner wine. But the beer — defined with scientific cruelty under the law — is to be lighter than German lager, and the wine is to be less maddening than claret. In Ontario, also, the present law provides for a referendum before a final acceptance of the system. There is talk, too, of a general Federal referendum to be taken by the Dominion Government. But there is little hope that the return to common sense and the revulsion against fanaticism will be rapid enough to prevent the catastrophe.

A candid outsider might well stand perplexed as to how and why communities apparently free can vote themselves into such an appalling bondage. The reasons for it can only be understood by an appreciation of certain of the peculiar features, certain characteristic weaknesses of democracy in North America. Both in the United States and in Canada we have long since fallen under the administration of the class of people whom we call the 'politicians.' Let it be noted that the word *administration* just used is employed designedly: we are not and never have been under the *rule* of the politicians. They have never wanted to rule. They do not lead, they follow. They do not speak, they listen. They do not move, they are pushed. What the politician wants is the emolument and the dignity of office and the elusive appearance of power: a certain number, too, are seeking the opportunity of more sinister gains. But the real governing forces in North America are such things as Big Business, the Manufacturers, the Labor Unions, and, in various forms National Hysteria:

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mixed in with it all, as the war has proved, is the golden thread of individual patriotism and love of country, woven into the complex meshes of national selfishness. On the whole, the rule is not bad: it is free at least from the arrogance of caste and the power of hereditary aristocracy that disfigures still the governments of the older world.

But the least part of it all, in the sense of real influence and power, is the politician. He moves about in his frock coat and his silk hat, a garb which he shares alone with the undertaker and the traveling conjurer, his pocket full of presentation cigars, the most meretricious and the most melancholy figure in the democracy of North America. At times, indeed, he bursts through the shell that envelops him and insists on being a leader in his own right, a ruler of men and not a suppliant for votes: as witness of such stands the commanding figure of a Roosevelt and the manly dignity of a Borden. But these are the exceptions. The ordinary politician is merely busy picking up his votes from the mud of democracy like the *ramasseur* of the Parisian streets picking up cigar butts.

Thus in the matter of real rule the politician is nowhere. His only aim is to give the public what the public wants or at least what the public seems to ask for. And the politician has heard apparently only a single voice. On the one hand were the prohibitionists — articulate, strident, fanatical, highly organized, amply supplied with money, with the name of religion upon their lips, ready at a moment's notice to lash themselves into a fit of hysteria, and to attack with overwhelming force the personal fortunes and the political position of anyone who should dare to oppose them. On the other side was the general public, the vast majority of whom were, and are, opposed to national prohibition, but among whom no individual, or at best only one or two in thousands, was prepared to take the risk of open opposition to the relentless and fanatical minority.

Where the public would not speak, the politician would not act. A great many ministers of the Crown in Canada, members of the Canadian Legislatures and of the State Assemblies of the United States, have recorded a silent vote in favor of prohibition with loathing and contempt for it in their hearts. I speak here of what I know. If proof were needed I could name such men: but in the atmosphere in which we live in Canada, to 'accuse' one's parliamentary friends of being opposed to prohibition would be about the same as to accuse them of being in favor of burglary.

Moreover, the method of operation of the prohibitionist has been singularly ingenious. There was no question at first of total national prohibition. The thing was done bit by bit. Municipalities voted themselves 'dry' with but little opposition. The individual citizen, still able to order his 'liquor' from the outside, gave but little heed to what was happening. Even when whole states and provinces dried up in response to the fanatical clamor of the minority, the citizens at large raised practically no protest. They could still 'get it from the outside.' They did not propose to worry. They did not realize that the time was coming when there would be no 'outside.'

Moreover, it has to be acknowledged that there are throughout the United States and Canada great numbers of people who are strongly in favor of prohibition for everybody except themselves. The South went dry by the vote of the whites who proposed to keep drink away from the blacks, not

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for the sake of their souls, but in order to get more work out of them. The manufacturer voted his employees dry with the same expectation, proposing for himself to remain 'wet.' The shopkeepers of the towns voted the farmers dry, so as to get more money in trade. The farmers who live in the country where it is dark and silent, helped to vote the cities into dryness as a spite against their lights and gayety.

One might well ask who, then, are the real prohibitionists? Such there undoubtedly are. In the first place there are a certain number of deeply religious, patriotic, and estimable people who actually believe that in passing a law to make it a crime for a man to sell a glass of beer they are doing the work of Christ on earth. Let them be entitled — along with Torquemada and Philip of Spain — to the credit of their good intentions. Along with these are a vast number of people who are animated by the evil spirit that for ages long has vexed the fortunes of humanity: the desire to tyrannize and compel — to force the souls of other men to compliance with the narrow rigor of their own. These, above all, are the typical prohibitionists. But to their numbers must be added the large body of people who fish in the troubled waters for their own gain: the salaried enthusiasts, the paid informers, the politicians seeking for votes, ministers of the Gospel currying favor with the dominant section of their congregation, business men and proprietors of newspapers whose profit lies in the hands of the prohibitionists to make or mar. To all these must be added the whole cohort of drunkards who can be relied upon to poll a vote in favor of prohibition in a mood of sentimental remorse.

On the other side stand, undoubtedly, the great majority of the people. National prohibition, let it be observed, has not been adopted either in the United States or in Canada by a popular vote. It never would be. It has been carried only by the votes of the Legislatures, by the actions of the politicians responsive to the demand of the minority. But the great mass of the people took no action. There has grown up, indeed, among all those who ought to be the leaders of public opinion, a strange conspiracy of silence. Nobody seems willing to bear witness to how widely diffused is the habit of normal wholesome drinking, and of the great benefits to be derived from it. The university where I have worked for nearly twenty years contains in its faculties a great number of scholarly, industrious men whose life work cannot be derided or despised even by the salaried agitator of a prohibitionist society. Yet the great majority of them 'drink.' I use that awful word in the full gloomy sense given to it by the teetotaler. I mean that if you ask these men to dinner and offer them a glass of wine, they will take it. Some will take two. I have even seen them take Scotch and soda. During these same years I have been privileged to know a great many of the leading lawyers of Montreal, whose brains and energy and service to the community I cannot too much admire. If there are any of them who do not 'drink,' I can only say that I have not seen them. I can bear the same dreadful testimony on behalf of my friends who are doctors: and the same and even more emphatic on behalf of all the painters, artists, and literary men with whom I have had the good fortune to be very closely associated. Of the clergy, I cannot speak. But in days more cheerful than the present gloomy times there were at least those of them who thought a glass of port no very dreadful sin.

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And, conversely, I can say with all conviction that I have never seen drunken professors lecturing to inebriated students, or tipsy judges listening to boozy lawyers, or artists in delirium tremens painting the portraits of intoxicated Senators. Moreover, among the class of people of whom I speak, the conception of how to make merry at a christening or a wedding or a banquet or at the conclusion of peace, or of any such poor occasions of happiness that mark the milestones in the pilgrimage of life, was exactly the same — I say it in all reverence — as that shown by Jesus Christ at the wedding feast of Cana of Galilee.

But these people, one might object, are but a class, and a small one at that. What about the ordinary workingman? Surely he is not to be sacrificed for the sake of the leisure hours of the intellectual classes! But here, so it seems to me, is where the strongest argument against prohibition comes in. We live in a world of appalling inequality, which as yet neither philanthropy nor legislation has been able to remove. The lot of the workingman who begins day labor at the age of sixteen and ends it at the age of seventy, who starts work every morning while the rest of us are still in bed, who has no sleep after his lunch, and no vacation trip to Florida, is inconceivably hard. It is a sober fact that if those of us who are doctors, lawyers, professors, and merchants were suddenly transferred by some evil magician to the rank of a workingman, we should feel much as if we had been sent to the penitentiary. And it is equally a fact that we should realize just how much a glass of ale and a pipe of tobacco means to a sober industrious workingman — not a picture-book drunkard — after his hours of work. It puts him for the moment of his relaxation on an equality with kings and plutocrats.

It is no use to say that tobacco shortens his life. Let it. It needs shortening. It is no use to say that beer sogs his œsophagus and loosens his motor muscles. Let it do so. He is better off with loose motor muscles and a soggy œsophagus and a mug of ale beside him than in the cheerless discontent of an activity that knows only the work of life and nothing of its comforts.

The employers of labor have hitherto, through sheer short-sightedness, been in favor of prohibition. They thought that drinkless men would work better. So they will in the short spurt of efficiency that accompanies the change. But let the employer wait a year or two and then see how social discontent will spread like a wave in the wake of prohibition. The drinkless workman, robbed of the simple comforts of life, will angrily demand its luxuries. A new envy will enter into his heart. The glaring inequalities of society will stand revealed to him as never before. See to it that he does not turn into a Bolshevik.

For the fundamental fallacy of prohibition is that it proposes to make a crime of a thing which the conscience of the great mass of individuals refuses to consider as such. It violates here the principle on which, and on which alone, a criminal code can be based. If I steal another man's money, if I rob another man's house, if I take another man's life, I do not need the law to tell me that it is wrong. My own conscience tells me that. But if I take a glass of beer, my own conscience, in spite of all the laws of forty-eight states and nine provinces, refuses to give a single throb. Let me illustrate what I mean by an example.

A month or two ago I had the honor of being at a banquet given in

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the club to which I belong, to one of the most justly distinguished men of to-day — a certain V.C. who performed a certain naval exploit in bottling up (itself, by the way, an illegal act, had he done it in Canada) a certain harbor. Nearer than that I must not indicate him, inasmuch as I rather think that he is liable to a fine of two hundred dollars if the prohibitionists of Canada can catch him: unless I am mistaken, I saw somebody treat him to a whiskey and soda: and 'treating' and being 'treated' even in the present state of the law of the Province of Quebec is a crime.

Now the point I want to make is this. At the banquet of which I speak there were present a great number of the best-known men in Montreal: judges, lawyers, merchants, and men eminent in various walks of life. And everyone of them — or nearly everyone of them — was actually 'drinking something' with his dinner. Luckily for them the final law had not yet come into effect. If now they repeat their performance, they will be treated as in the same class as a group of burglars, or thugs, or yeggmen. To jail they must go. If they have no conscience of their own a substitute for it must be terrorized into them.

It is, of course, inevitable that a legislative code resting on so false a basis cannot last. Prohibition will not last forever. Sooner or later there will be a return to common sense and common justice. But the end will not come for a long time yet. Organized tyranny is difficult to break. Especially is this true of the United States, where an amendment to the Constitution once accepted requires for its removal an intricate and prolonged process of legislation. Without the war, national prohibition would never have been voted even by the politicians. It has swept through the Legislatures on a false wave of agitation masquerading as patriotism. It owed much to the fact that Germans are by way of drinking beer, and that such names as Anheuser Busch and Schlitz and Papst do not somehow sound altogether British. But as it came, so it will go. The unexpected will happen again. In the course of time some unforeseen contingency will send a new amendment rippling through the American Legislatures. Social life and individual liberty will be freed from the incubus that now lies on them.

Meanwhile, it is well for the British people to be warned. If they do not strangle in its cradle the snake of prohibition, then the country will be given over in its due time to the régime of the fanatic, the informer, and the tyrant, such as we have in North America even now.

The National Review

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THE WARFARE OF SUBMARINE AGAINST SUBMARINE

BY KLAXON

FACING each other across the southern part of the North Sea were the opposing submarine bases of Harwich and Flanders. The boats from these bases occasionally met and fought, but in the main their duties lay well apart. Harwich boats worked off the Bight, while the Flanders ports were bases for U-boats to start from on their way down Channel to the traffic routes. The losses of the Flanders boats were heavy — so were the losses of the Eighth Flotilla at Harwich, especially in 1916. In that year the Eighth Flotilla submarine officers passed a self-denying ordinance to reduce their consumption of alcohol. (Now what I am leading up to is a comparison of British and German mentality, because I think the question of personnel to be infinitely more important than that of material.) The fact is, that heavy losses do affect those who are left to carry on the work. A boat comes back to harbor with her officers and crew tired and glad to be home again; they are, perhaps, met with, 'Did you see anything of Seventy-six? He's been overdue three days. He was next to you — off Ameland. You did n't hear anything go up? Oh, well, you'll probably have that billet next week and you may find out.'

Well, it *does* affect people, and there is undoubtedly a great feeling of relief at getting back to harbor safely. In the navy, where wines and spirits are free of duty, alcohol is cheap and obtainable, and alcohol is a relief from worry and an opiate for tired nerves. But the war has never seen a case of disciplinary action being necessary to control our submarine officers. It is a difficult question to approach in print, as the temperance argument seems to call out such strongly-expressed opinions from the advocates pro and con; but while I have no idea of holding up submarine officers as paragons of abstinence (for I hardly know any who are teetotalers), there is no doubt that they fully realized that only moderation could keep them efficient for war.

Over in Flanders it was the rule for U-boats to base at Bruges, and to use only Ostend and Zeebrugge as they passed through on their way to and from the sea. At Bruges the U-boat officers had a mess at the house of M. Catulle — a large, well-furnished, and comfortable building near the docks. There the officers had made the cellars (three inter-connected vaults) into an underground Rest for Tired Workers. All around the walls are painted frescoes illustrating the minds of the patrons. The frescoes are over two feet in depth, and are well executed in the type of German humor one meets in the Berlin comic papers. There are mines, projectiles, and so forth, with the conventional faces and hats of John Bull, France, and other allies; dancing with the mines are torpedoes, some of which carry on them the faces of dead U-boat officers. Beneath the frescoes are mottoes — such as 'Drink, for to-morrow you may die' —'Life is short, and you'll be a long time dead.' Between the pictures are

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smaller paintings of monkeys drinking champagne.

After dinner, according to witnesses, the officers would retire to these cellars and drink. There is little ventilation, and the atmosphere must have been fairly thick with smoke and fumes. Drinking sometimes continued till 8 A.M. — a horrible hour at which to be drunk. It is reported by Belgians that the officers got through four thousand bottles of wine in three weeks. Taking the high estimate of an average of twenty officers always present, this means ten bottles per head a day — which is absurd. It is probable, however, that the competitors broke or gave away a good many bottles. But there is no doubt they went at it pretty fast; one officer was drunk and incapable for five days on end, and (as apparently there was considered to be a limit of four days for states of coma) on the fifth day was ordered to sea by the captain of the Flotilla 'to cool his head.' The whole impression one gets from the local stories is one of fear, morbid excitement, and drink. The pictures conjured up are unpleasant: the early morning scene in the cellars when a few hiccoughing stalwarts still sat over their wine — the guttural attempt at song — the pale glow of electric lamps through swirling smoke — the reek of alcohol — the litter of bottles — and the frightened face of the Belgian chambermaid peering round the angle of the cellar stairs. '*Karl and Schmidt have not returned— God punish the English! Open more bottles, fool, and let us forget that our turn is coming!*'

How the flotillas were able to do efficient work at all is a puzzle; but the Flanders Flotillas did the Allies a lot of harm. Had it not been the custom of the officers to throw off restraint in harbor, we might have suffered a good deal more — how much more only a student of psychology can guess. But there is no doubt of this — and a comparison of the Harwich and Flanders flotillas shows it — the British take to games to soothe their nerves and the Germans to drink.

It is possibly something to do with this trait that brought the major part of the U-boat successes into the hands of a few special officers. The greater part of the captains did little; a few 'aces' compiled huge lists of sunken tonnage to their credit (or otherwise). Judged by British Admiralty standards of efficiency, those few are the only ones who in our service would have been retained at all.

During the war our submarines sank fifty-four enemy warships and two hundred and seventy-four other vessels. These figures do not, of course, include the many warships which were damaged but which were got back into harbor, although they include the U-boats which our submarines destroyed. German ships are very well subdivided in compartments and take a lot of killing. Certainly on a modern war vessel one torpedo hit is very little use; it takes about four to make certain of sinking her. The Moltke (battle cruiser) was hit with one torpedo forward in the Baltic by Commander Laurence, and again off Hiorn's Reef by Lieutenant Allen (right aft this time); on each occasion she got home safely. Our own light cruiser Falmouth had to receive four torpedoes in succession before she sank. The Prinz Adalbert was torpedoed by Commander Horton in the Baltic off Cape Kola and returned safely to Kiel (she could not take a hint, however, and after a long interval for repair she went east again and met Commander Goodheart of 'E-8,' who sank her). Commander Laurence in 'J-1' hit the Kronprinz and Grosser Kurfurst (battleships) in the North Sea, but both

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were got home safely. Our later submarines were fitted with larger torpedoes and tubes, but the boats fitted with eighteen-inch torpedoes made up the larger part of our flotillas, and it was realized by both our own and the enemy submarines that it took several hits with the smaller-size weapon to finish off a large ship. Perhaps the clearest case on record is that of the Marlborough, the ship being hit by a torpedo at the Jutland battle and remaining in the line at the Fleet speed and continuing her firing as if she had never been touched. Older ships, as both sides found to their cost, were much more vulnerable. Probably the Turkish ships were the easiest of all to put down, as it is doubtful if their fatalistic officers troubled to keep the water-tight doors closed.

I have mixed up several boats' attacks in the following description, and it would not be far wrong as an account of more.

The mist closed in in swirling clouds that came along the calm water in lines a few hundred yards apart. One moment through the periscope the captain of the L-boat could see across the yellow-green water a band of fog crossing his bows — the next, he could see nothing but the ripples that spread and vanished astern a few feet from the top prism of the instrument. It had been a poor visibility day since dawn, and now it looked like being thick weather till dark. He called to the first lieutenant and gave an order. The hydroplane wheels whirred and the boat tilted up and climbed to the accompaniment of sighs and roars, as a couple of external tanks were partly blown. The captain looked down as he climbed the conning-tower ladder: 'Slow ahead, port motor — put a charge on starboard — stop blowing.' He threw back the lid and met the clammy touch of wet fog on his face. The boat was moving slowly east through a calm sea with only her conning tower and guns above water, while a white line of foam running forward traced where her deck superstructure ran a few inches below the surface. If she had been on patrol anywhere but to the west of the VYL Lightship the captain would have taken her to seventy feet and kept a hydrophone watch, but that billet is one that marks the end of a German-swept channel, and he wanted to watch from above for the first sign of the fog clearing. He sat on the conning-tower lip, his sea-booted legs resting on the third ladder-rung, and his head twisting this way and that as he stared at the white wall of mist that was so close to him. He had sat there barely a minute, and the booming roar of the big charging engine had just begun sounding up the conning tower, when he slid forward and stood on the ladder with his head and shoulders only exposed; he leaned out to starboard trying to catch again the faint note of a siren that he had felt rather than heard through the note of his own engine. Then something showed dark through the fog, a gray blur with a line of foam below, and the L-boat's lid clanged down, and through her hull rang the startling, insistent blare of the electric alarm. The engine stopped, the port motor woke to full speed, and the control room was alive with sound and rapid movement. She inclined down by the bow as the captain's boots appeared down the ladder, and as he jumped to the deck his hasty glance at the gauge showed her to be already at twelve feet. But twelve feet by gauge means a conning-tower top still exposed, and as the tanks filled and the internal noises died down a sound could be heard to starboard — a noise of high-speed engines that swelled till it seemed that every second

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would bring the crash and roar of water each man could imagine so clearly. The gauge needle checked at fifteen, then swung rapidly up to thirty; the faces watching it relaxed slightly — for the noise swelling through the boat told of destroyers, and destroyers are shallow-draught vessels. The boat still raced on down, with the gauge jerking round through sixty–seventy–eighty. 'Hold her up, now — back to seventy, coxswain'; the angle changed swiftly to 'bow-up' as the spinning wheels reversed and the boat checked at eighty-five; a pump began to stamp and hammer as it drove out the water from a mid-ship tank, and as the trim settled, the big main motors were steadily eased back to 'dead slow.' The first lieutenant looked up from the gauge and spoke over his shoulder to the captain. 'I made it twelve seconds to twenty feet, sir; what was it that passed?'

'You're a cheery optimist with your twelve seconds. Your watch is stopped, Number One. It's destroyers, and they did n't give us much room either.'

'Then, d'you mean a fleet?'

'I mean I'm coming up to look in a quarter of an hour. I believe if it was n't foggy I'd see them on the horizon now; that was a screening force that put us down. Here comes another.'

Again the sound of a turbine-driven vessel came from the starboard hand. It swelled to its maximum and then suddenly died to a murmur, passing away to port. Twice more the warning came, and then fell a silence of just five minutes by the captain's wrist-watch. 'Bring her up — twenty-four feet — and *don't* break surface now.' He turned round to the periscope as the boat climbed and tested the raising gear, making the big shining tube move a few feet up and down. As the gauge moved to the thirty mark, the periscope rose with a rush, and he bowed his head to the eye-piece in readiness for an early glimpse of the surface world. At twenty-five feet a grunt of satisfaction and a quick swing round of the periscope spoke of his relief at being able to see at all; the fog was clearing and he was diving across one of the long lanes made in the mist by the rising wind. He turned the boat through eight points to keep her in the lane, turning up-wind to meet the clearer visibility that was coming. As he steadied on the new course he stiffened in his crouching attitude, staring to port: '*Action Stations* — evolution, now get a move on.'

The clatter and excitement of flooding tubes and opening doors lasted hardly sixty seconds, but it was punctuated by several sentences from the periscope position such as: '*Are* you going to get those tubes ready?' and less plaintively, 'How much something longer now?' The captain's thoughts were out in the mist above him where his range of view was bounded on two sides by faintly seen gray masses that rushed past him, at close range. The reports of, 'Ready, bow tubes'; 'beam tubes ready, sir,' came through the voice pipes as the first lieutenant hurried from forward, panting from his exertions. 'All ready, sir,' he said, and paused for breath. 'What is it, sir; can you see?' The captain interrupted: '*Yes*,' he said, 'blinkin' mist and battle cruisers. Port beam, stand by; port beam, fire! Starboard twenty-five; stop port, full speed starboard; look out forrard, Number One, I'm going to let go the lot.'

The first lieutenant vanished through the control-room door as the familiar sound of a destroyer passing at short range began again to fill the boat. At the periscope the captain

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swore silently and continuously at the mist, the enemy, and the L-boat. He was between the destroyer screen and the big ships; the whole High Sea Fleet seemed to be coming by, and he had the very vaguest idea of their formation or even of their course. His first torpedo had missed, and it was more than likely the track of it would be seen. The L-boat spun round under the drive of the screw and the helm she carried, and as two destroyers of the screen converged on her periscope in high fountains of spray, she fired her bow salvo of torpedoes at the nearest of the big dim ships that crossed her bows. The range was short and the salvo ragged, for one torpedo 'hung in the tube' a few seconds before leaving, its engines roaring and driving the water from the tube over the men abaft it in a drenching shower. That torpedo hit the ship astern of and beyond the target — the first bow torpedo to leave exploding right aft on the target herself. The converging destroyers swerved outward slightly to avoid mutual collision, and the two *Wasserbomben* they dropped as they turned were let go more in anger than with accurate aim. Thirty feet down the L-boat, her forward tanks flooding and her nose down at an angle of fifteen degrees, was driving her gauge round in an urgent hurry to gain depth. Seventy — eighty — ninety-five. 'Hold her up now. Blow number two external. Slow both — *dammit*, hold her up, man. Stop both — hold on, everybody!'

The gauge-needle went round with a rush; there was a heavy shock, and the boat's bow sprang upward (the captain, holding with one arm to the periscope and bracing his feet, had a momentary vision in his memory of a photograph of a Tank climbing a parapet — a trivial recollection of a Bond Street shop window); she rolled to starboard as the gauge-needle jumped back from a hundred and twenty to the hundred mark, then bounced again as her tail touched, rolled to port, and slid along the bottom to rest on an even keel. *Whang-bang-whang.* The explosions of depth-charges passed overhead and made the lights flicker; then a succession of fainter reports continuing to the southward told of a chase misled in the mist. A voice spoke from a tube at the captain's side, 'Did they hit, sir?'

The captain was feeling vaguely in his pockets. A reaction from the tense concentration of the last few minutes was approaching, and the habits of an habitual smoker were calling to him. 'Yes, I think so,' he said, 'but there were so many explosions I can't swear to it. We'll know when we get in.'

He took a cigarette from his case and lit it. The match burned blue and went out quickly; the cigarette gave him a mouthful of acrid smoke, and failed. The short time the conning tower had been open before the destroyers came had not cleared the air, and the work and excitement of the crew in the attack had consumed as much oxygen as if the boat had been diving for a summer's day. There is only one kind of cigarette which will burn in bad air; a stoker kneeling by the main line flooding-valve fumbled in his cap, and then held out a packet of five of them to the captain. The officer took one with a grunt of thanks, lit it, and spoke again. 'Watch remain at diving stations — fall out the rest — torpedo hands reload.'

Aeroplane bombs around the Heligoland Bight became common in 1918. A typical 'Aircraft' report comes from 'E-56' (Lieutenant Satow) in May of that year. Her station was by the South Dogger Bank Light:

23d May — South Dogger, bearing north 3 miles at 1 A.M. 4.30 A.M.: a Zeppelin in

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sight N.E. — a long way off. 10 A.M.: sighted seaplane in periscope two miles on port beam coming toward me — dived 60 feet — altered course to west. 10.15: one bomb — dived to 90 feet — up to periscope depth and continued patrol. 6.20 P.M.: three bombs — dived to 80 feet. 6.37: three bombs — altered course to N.E., depth 70 feet. 6.50: one bomb. 7.37 P.M.: at 80 feet six or seven bombs dropped, three of them close to boat.

26th May — sighted seaplane — dived 70 feet at 4.45 A.M. 9 A.M.: sighted seaplane — dived 80 feet. 9.38: five bombs dropped. 12.15: one bomb dropped. Heard propellers which passed on. 4 P.M.: two bombs dropped. 4.20: one bomb dropped. Heard propellers and sweep. 4.40 P.M.: two bombs — propellers and sweep. 6.20 P.M.: one bomb a long way off — propellers heard — boat rolled in the wash of destroyers.

28th May — 4.45 A.M.: sighted seaplanes bearing east. 3.20 P.M.: sighted Zeppelin bearing north.

All bombs mentioned in this report were small ones.

The attentions paid to 'E-56' on the 26th call to mind the story of the E-boat which did a 'crash' dive to avoid similar machines. The captain arrived at the foot of the conning tower with a rush, his binoculars preceding him with a heavy thud and his oilskin coming after him; as he touched the deck three bombs exploded on the surface just over his boat, the shock making him sit down suddenly. To the first lieutenant's unspoken question of 'What, is it after us?' he answered with an absurd giggle, and 'They've evidently seen me!' Students of Captain Bairnsfather's drawings will catch the allusion.

I will conclude the accounts of typical submarine *versus* submarine engagements by the case of 'E-34' (Lieutenant Tulleyne) and a U-boat off Harwich on the 10th of May, 1918.

'E-34' was returning to harbor after a trip. She was actually in the swept channel leading into Harwich, and could pretty well take it for granted that any vessel met with so near home would be friendly. As boats get near their base it is usual to begin the cleaning-up work which is so necessary after a trip, and to get ready generally for harbor routine again. 'E-34' saw a submarine ahead steering north, and, treating her as hostile until her identity could be established, dived at once to attack. Fifteen minutes later Lieutenant Tulleyne, in no doubt at all about what his target's nationality was, fired both bow tubes and sank her. He then rose, and proceeded to pick up the only survivor, who happened to be the captain, and who was in pretty bad condition from shock and immersion.

It is probable that this incident caused a number of our other officers secretly to wonder whether, in 'E-34's' place, they would have been equally successful and prompt.

The captain of the U-boat was a charming prisoner. He was taken aboard the Maidstone and put in a cabin under medical care. His clothes were dried and other clothes given him. When he had recovered he went off to a prisoners' camp, from whence he wrote peremptory letters to the Maidstone officers accusing them of having stolen his waistcoat, and presenting a bill for its value if not instantly returned. The Maidstone view of the matter was that they had n't got his beastly waistcoat, did n't believe he'd ever had one, and would n't touch it with a bargepole if he had. Considering they could not have treated him with more consideration if he had been one of themselves, and that incidentally they had saved his life — well, the Hun *is* a queer person and we'll never be able to understand him.

The story of the sinking of 'E-14' (Lieutenant-Commander White) in the Dardanelles has already appeared in

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print, so I shall not tell it again. But the thought of German submarine officers leads to comparisons, and perhaps a submarine sailor had better give his views about it here:

Copy of letter received by H.M.S. Adamant from Petty Officer R. A. Perkins (late of S/M 'E-14'), Prisoner of War, No. 5456, Fabrique de Cement, Eski Hissar, Guebzeh, Asia Minor.

DEAR SIR: No doubt the officers and men of the Adamant and submarines would like to know what became of the captain and two officers. I am very sorry to say that Mr. White was almost blown to pieces by a large shell which wounded three other men, and I believe it killed Mr. Drew, as I was with both of them. I saw the captain's body, but nothing of Mr. Drew, so I think he must have been killed and fell into the sea. Mr. Blasset was last seen in the engine room, so went down with the boat. It was a credit to us all to think that we had such a brave captain, and, sir, if only I could mention a few things about him; but owing to his coolness he saved the boat half a dozen times. It is a great pity that no officer was saved to tell the tale. I also mention A. B. Mitchell and Signalman Trimbell for gallantry in diving overboard and saving the life of Prichard, Ord. Tel., who was badly wounded, and would have lost his life had it not been for both of these men keeping him afloat until assistance arrived. I am glad to say that all men that were wounded were sent to hospital ten minutes after being captured, and were treated very well. The remaining five men, except Stoker Reed, have had a bad attack of fever since being captured. We are all sorry that so few men were saved, and, as I have said, our gallant captain. This is all I have to report.

Being the senior survivor, Petty Officer Perkins reports as such. If his officers had lived I think it probable we would have heard something to the credit of Petty Officer Perkins.

Blackwood's Magazine

THE VOYAGER

BY GEOFFREY HERBERT CRUMP

WHEN I sit silent on the swaying deck,
And drink in the soft splendor of the night,
The pale, proud moon, the sky, all cloud-afleck,
The silver balls of phosphorescent light
In the white foam, the davits curving black
Against the sky, the tall and stately mast,
Swinging from star to star — though these all lack
Nothing of beauty, perfect, pure, and vast,
'T is naught to me, save that I may devise
That I do look again into your eyes.

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A DEFENSE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

A SLIGHTLY cynical but not incapable observer remarked that the British nation might be divided into two classes, the nice people who had been impoverished by the war and the nasty people who had been enriched. This generalization, like all generalizations, could not be applied closely without wild injustice. Nevertheless, we understand and appreciate the truth lying at its heart. The class which has been harder hit financially than any other is that which has enjoyed, as a class, no rise of salary, no war bonus, no state mitigations of the struggle to live — in a word, the professional class. In an able review of the incidence of taxation a few months ago Mr. Herbert Samuel pointed out that the men with an income of between £2,000 and £3,000 a year were taxed relatively higher than any other persons. This statement roughly covers those who work in the professions or have a professional education, and who in many instances by almost superhuman efforts have made enough to send their sons to the public schools and universities. Of course men with the income mentioned by Mr. Samuel are high up in their professions, but the whole professional class, ranging down to quite small incomes, is animated by very much the same ideals and customs. This is the class which is incomparable for character. It spends itself in what must always be counted valuable public service, whether all the service be paid for or not. This class brings up its children to be good citizens, and it sends to the outposts of the British Empire young men of honesty and judgment, practising a code of decent conduct, as administrators and settlers. Not a tithe of the suffering which has been endured by this class during the war has been told. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, civil servants, schoolmasters, and such-like make it a point of pride not to proclaim their troubles to the passer-by.

There is now a tendency among the extreme leaders of labor — most of them self-appointed leaders — to speak of the professional and middle classes as a blood-sucking bourgeoisie who are grossly overpaid, and who must be brought down to their proper rung on the ladder. The proper rung, according to this point of view, is apparently somewhere below that occupied by those who earn their living by manual labor. It is surely time that the truth was told about the enormous value to the nation and the Empire of the character, the accomplishments, and the generally ungrudging labor of this bourgeoisie. We are among those who heartily wish well to labor (meaning by that term the manual workers of the country); we wish to see them secure in conditions of prosperity and contentment, with fair surroundings both in town and country. But this happy state of affairs will never be achieved with the good will of all if workingmen regard themselves as a class apart, a privileged group whose work is much more important than the work of those who labor — very often at much greater physical distress to themselves — with their brains. Not only during the war but before the war the self-deny-

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ing record of the professional classes was a remarkable one. Professional men characteristically adopted political principles, whether right or wrong, which continually conflicted with their own interests. If they believed that the development of cereal farming was necessary for the well-being of the country, they were prepared by their votes to make their food cost more. They knew that they were getting extremely cheap corn from the virgin corn-lands of the distant world, but if they believed that only by taxing that corn to the disadvantage of their own pockets could they restore and expand agriculture in England they were ready to do it. They were ready, again, to tax any and every form of imports if they thought these were a danger to our national industries. We do not ourselves in the least believe in the desirability of any form of protection except in so far as it may be necessary to maintain the Empire as an approximately self-supporting community possessing control of all the resources necessary for a common defense; but we are not looking into the matter now from the economic point of view, but merely in order to examine the motives of what we have roughly called the professional class. Yet, again, whenever it was asserted that more money was required for the navy or the army, or that compulsory service must be introduced, professional men were the first to shout acquiescence, well knowing that the tax both in money and service would fall with greatest weight upon themselves. Professional men have no 'Trade Union customs' about cutting down their hours of labor and doing their work about half as quickly or half as well as they can. Rather they create for themselves an interest in even the dullest work by making it a matter of pride to do it as well as they know how. It would be nothing less than a disaster to the country if such men as these were squeezed out, and impoverished to such a degree that they could no longer give their children the old education, or became too weary and jaded for their brain-power to exercise itself fully. Scientific discoveries, medical research, scholarship, political philosophy, artistic culture, on all of which our British civilization is in varying degrees built up, would cease or wither.

Let it not be thought, however, that the professional class is without the fighting instinct. It has great wisdom, great experience of affairs, and behind its unwillingness to talk it well knows its own value to the nation. If the extremists of labor try to grasp for themselves aristocratic privileges, there is certain to be a counter-movement, and it would be fully justified. Already there are signs of it. The clerk or secretary with a small salary will not continue to pay his income tax, as he has hitherto done, without public grumblings if he reads daily in the newspapers the absurd claims of the miners and other workers. The demand of the labor party as a whole is that no one should pay income tax who draws less than £250 a year. Though we think that freedom from all direct taxation is a demoralizing thing, since it liberates millions of citizens from all sense of responsibility for public expenditure, no objection can be raised on mere grounds of equity to a raising of the taxable limit which would apply all round. But many of the miners are asserting that no matter how much they may earn, they will never pay income tax. It is well known that many of them have been earning as much as £500 a year. In the papers recently we read that a number of workers at Woolwich Ar-

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senal were proceeded against because they had refused to pay income tax. An official told the magistrate that these amounts were 'considered irrecoverable.' The magistrate thereupon remarked: 'But other people are not allowed to evade income tax. I do not see why these people should not be forced to pay.' The income tax official pointed out that there was a scheme of deduction of income tax from earnings, but 'very few were willing to come under that scheme.' 'It should have been made compulsory,' very properly retorted the magistrate, and added: 'If the number of people in this place alone from whom money cannot be recovered were generally known, there would be great public indignation. Almost every day we have about seventy-five of these cases in this court. It is scandalous.' The middle classes in certain German towns showed what they could do recently in the way of organizing themselves against a threatened general strike. In England we see farmers threatening to strike against the prices for milk imposed upon them by the government. The motives here may be rather different, but the beginning of organization, and the contemplation of a strike, on the part of men who have never struck as a body before, are significant.

The difficulty in organizing the professional and middle classes is that organization under the guidance of men who have much more enthusiasm than wisdom may rapidly become highly political or partisan in tone. Such men are apt to leap to the front in a hitherto unorganized interest. The real purpose of the organization may be deflected into something like an alien hunt — which, if the truth be told, is a struggle against dangers not to be compared with the domestic danger of eclipsing the professional class. If the brain workers organize themselves on proper lines, they can undoubtedly do a great deal to circulate the truth that the prosperity of the country lies in consulting the interests of all, that reforms must be in accordance with the will of the majority, and that to recognize any class ascendancy is to ruin everybody. If any class ascendancy is to be recognized, it obviously ought to be the ascendancy of those who have knowledge, judgment, learning, and experience, and not of those who are inspired by such smatterings of economic reading as were paraded by Mr. Smillie before the Coal Commission. But let us have no ascendancy but that where ascendancy rightfully belongs — to the will of the greatest number. If Mr. Smillie can convert the majority to his point of view, well and good. We who are real, not nominal, democrats will bow to that will, but to no other. We have already spoken of the threats of the farmers, but every section of brain workers is capable of retorting. Doctors could withhold their advice and chemists their medicines; engineers could refuse to apply their technical knowledge to the supervision of machinery; capitalists could withdraw their money from the industries which were being ruined under their eyes and send it abroad; editors could refuse to give any kind of publicity to proceedings of which they disapproved, and in these days not much advance would be made by a movement of which nothing was heard. These are only examples. If we are not mistaken some time ago the Medical Association came into conflict with miners somewhere in Wales, and the miners' unions broke off the negotiations with the Association and appointed their own medical officers. But the results were so unsatisfactory that

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the unions surrendered, and were only too glad to accept the conditions of the Medical Association — which, after all, is a kind of trade union itself.

The brain workers should think well over these matters, and if they do not find that existing organizations meet their needs, they should create others. Moreover, they ought to represent their opinions very strongly before the Royal Commission on the income tax. They should state confidently and boldly what we believe to be the truth, which is that the education of boys in schools where high character is cultivated is an inestimable asset to the country. They should claim in the public interest, as well as in their own, that relief for those who are paying for a liberal education should be on a much more generous scale. They might claim an abatement of income tax of something like £50 for every child under twenty-one years of age. They should also insist that those who are not bringing up families should be more heavily taxed in order that those who are undoubtedly spending their money for the national good should pay less. For our part, we do not suppose for a moment that the hand workers as a whole, for we have faith in them and a great respect for them, are at all blind to the vast work which has been done by those who use their brains for science and learning and in the professions. But the workingmen are being temporarily misled, and many of them naturally believe the absurd statements which are placed before them most frequently and most forcibly. If brain workers employed some of their energy during the next few months in thinking out an organization for themselves, the effort would certainly not be wasted.

The Spectator

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TALK OF EUROPE

DR. WALTHER RATHENAU, whose interesting letter to Colonel House was reprinted some months ago in THE LIVING AGE, has just published a study of the personality of William II. It is called, *Der Kaiser: eine Betrachtung*. The essay is, of course, not without partiality. On the first page Dr. Rathenau makes it clear that one purpose of his writing is to moderate the passions which he conceives the revolution and the flight of the Kaiser to have aroused. He maintains that in Germany the idea of the dynasty differed widely from that held in this country. 'The German ruler is the most intensely German of the Germans. (*der deutscheste Mann*). . . . It is not the Roman, the English idea. . . . This man we have of our own free will placed so high that we reverence in him the expression of our own supreme will. It is rather a childlike feeling of trust. Here we have had given us from heaven an earthly father; he is an example to us and we obey him.'

This belief — at certain periods in German history a most salutary belief — was ruined by the too intimate connection of the Imperial dignity with the prosperous bourgeoisie and its tool, the National Liberal party. This was the inner weakness. The Emperor was unconscious of it. His training, the atmosphere of tradition, of the 'divine right of kings,' which enveloped him from his childhood, was a blinding atmosphere. He grew up really to believe that he was called by the Almighty, and that every 'achievement of dynastic policy was a judgment of God.' There was, Dr. Rathenau asserts, no means of destroying this fatal illusion. A genius would have seen through the sham, but the ex-Emperor was no genius. 'The nation, consciously or unconsciously, wished him to be as he was and not otherwise.' For the most part it had no experience, no knowledge of other countries with less arbitrary dynastic sovereigns; it accepted the Emperor as it found him, and its occasional protests were never anything but superficial, leaving untouched the great illusion. 'Not one day could authority have been exercised in Germany as it was without the concurrence of the nation. The nation is innocent, for it lacked the necessary standards of comparison and the impulse of distress, without which there could be no movement. . . . The conscience which was arising in the country was not known to the Emperor; he was conscious only of agreement wherever he went. He reached the limits of his rights, but he did not overstep them.'

Dr. Rathenau declines to call this condition of affairs a tragedy. The element of Fate is present, but the *dénouement* is not tragic. And yet here he is surely mistaken. The saying that 'character is fate' was surely never better illustrated in modern history than in the career of the ex-Emperor. Certainly the chapters of this little book read like the material for a drama. The end, perhaps, is not yet.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG evidently has no sympathy with those who denounce the armistice as a calamity, and will have it that the war should have been fought to the heart of Berlin. Speaking recently at the Mercer's Hall, Sir Douglas said, in regard to his soldiers:

'They rejoiced with their comrades of the sister service in the great and unparalleled triumph that but lately was theirs. If any of them felt regret that the end came, as it did, without a last fight, the army did not share with them that regret; for while there could be no doubt as to the utter completeness of their victory or as to the supreme credit it reflected upon them, the army was glad that they and the country were spared unnecessary loss. After all, with them in the army events at the last followed much the same course, and did so because of their deliberate choice. It would have been possible after the great culminating defeat inflicted on the enemy

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on the Sambre on November 4, 1918, and the following days to refuse to grant the armistice the enemy sought for, and instead to press forward with what speed the state of their communications would have let them. To have done so, however, would have meant further loss of life, the destruction of property, and expenditure of money, while it could not have rendered Germany more helpless militarily than she is to-day, with her army dissolved, her guns, transport, and aeroplanes surrendered, and the crossings of the Rhine held by the Allies.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The article by **Mr. K. J. Ledoc** deals with the Bolsheviki from a point of view hitherto unrepresented in the selections of THE LIVING AGE, that of the democratic socialist. An editorial note in the *Neue Zeit* states that Mr. Ledoc is an American journalist of Russian parentage, who has recently traveled over a large part of Russia as correspondent of an important commercial paper.

* * *

Students of that altogether too much neglected ill, the African problem, will find **Mr. Percival Smith's** conclusions of unusual interest. At Cardiff, in Wales, there was recently a gigantic riot over the presence of negro laborers in the port, a riot which resulted in several deaths.

* * *

W. N. P. Barbellion is a fictitious name. Certain English critics suspect that 'Barbellion' is but Wells writ large. His book, *The Diary of a Disappointed Man*, is attracting unusual attention.

* * *

Pierre Mille is a favorite French playwright and humorist.

* * *

Roger Fry, author, student, and critic of the fine arts, is an editor of the *Burlington Magazine.*

* * *

Edmund Candler, artist and war correspondent, is the author of the recently published official history of the Mesopotamia Campaign.

* * *

Stephen Leacock in addition to being the most widely read of the modern American humorists, is also Professor of Economics at Magill.

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TABLET

BY ALICE MEYNELL

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

(*Two o'clock, the morning of October 12, 1915.*)

To her accustomed eyes
The midnight morning brought not such a dread
As thrills the chance-awakened head that lies
In trivial sleep on the habitual bed.

'T was yet some hours ere light;
And many, many, many a break of day
Had she outwatched the dying; but this night
Shortened her vigil was, briefer the way.

By dial of the clock
'T was day in the dark above her lonely head.
'This day thou shalt be with Me.' Ere the cock
Announced that day she met the Immortal Dead.

IN A TRAIN

BY THOMAS PYM

I am drawn away again
To the land of the green-smirched roofs
The pink walls and the clustered villages,
To the long low stretching hills,
And the great long rolling clouds,
The stripped vineyards and the cloistered farms.

For I am sped away again
To the land where the hills are crowned
With the purples, reds, and oranges
Of the sombre winter woods,
Angled with remnants of cloth
Of printed orchards and of emerald sheets of grass.

For I have slipped away again
To where the sun tears through the clouds,
Heaving their weights from the blue,
To the land of the files of trees
Searching the ochres of rivers
With delving reflections of deep green water.

Where the oxen plough till the sunset,
Their long shadows stepping slow
Like floods of dark jewels across the grass —
The gold of the slanting sun —
Ploughing the roll of the hill,
Raised like the back of a loaf of bread.

RELIGION

BY GERALD GOULD

Three lovely angels guard the gates of Hell —
Three great archangels with the saddest eyes
That ever held memories of Paradise,
As the dusk pool we know of in the dell
Gathered last night a host of stars that fell,
And kept them still and clear. The three surmise
The purpose of their mournful enterprise:
By name they are Michael, Raphael, Gabriel.

The guards of Heaven have mournful work to do:
They are Michael, Raphael, Gabriel by name:
Their eyes are sadder than the fallen flame
In the dusk pool we know of, I and you.
Some souls say: 'It is Hell we are traveling to';
Some: 'It is Heaven.' The angels are the same.

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